RETA GARBO'S TRUE LIFE STORY

Modern Screen

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NTS

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

JAN 25 1938
DIVISION

Earl Christy

KATHARINE HEPBURN

CHARLES BOYER TELLS ON HIMSELF!

JAN -5 1938

Screen Romances

JANUARY ISSUE—
16 STORIES OF MOVIE HITS!

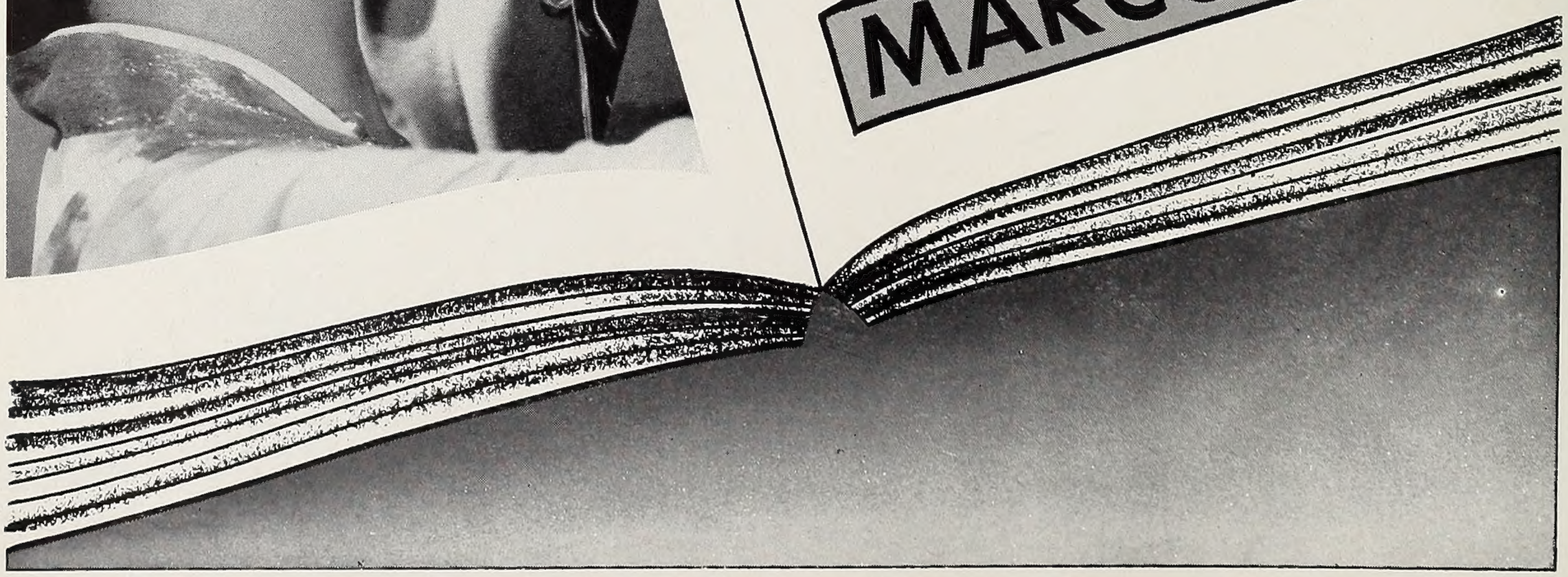


THE ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO

● The story of Marco Polo, traveller, adventurer . . . a stirring romance during the colorful reign of Kublai Khan. Exciting conflict and brilliant spectacle are woven into an adventurous and intriguing love story set against the background of the Orient.

The private life of this great adventurer is one of magnificent courage and overpowering love . . . a love which caused him to pit two empires against each other that he might take a Princess home—his bride!

With all its turbulence —conflict—splendor— "The Adventures of Marco Polo," starring Gary Cooper, appears in the JANUARY issue— on sale at all newsstands!



Foolish Joan... Tonight she's a picture of breath-taking loveliness—yet she hasn't had a dancing partner all evening. (*And who can blame them...when they see her pitiful, tragic smile?*)



Her small brother could show Joan how to help win a lovely smile—to have teeth that sparkle, gums firm and healthy! (*Bob is only six, but he's already learned the value of gum massage.*)



Joan's telephone would be one of the busiest in town—her date book would always be filled—if she only realized no man can resist the appeal and charm of a radiant smile! (*Ipana Tooth Paste and massage would help her—for, remember, gums need care and attention as well as teeth!*)



Ask yourself this question—

"Does my Smile really attract others?"

WONDERFUL, isn't it—the quick magic a smile can work when it reveals brilliant and sparkling teeth! Shocking, isn't it—the disappointment that follows a smile that reveals dull and dingy teeth—tragic evidence of "pink tooth brush" disregarded.

"Pink Tooth Brush" may rob you of loveliness

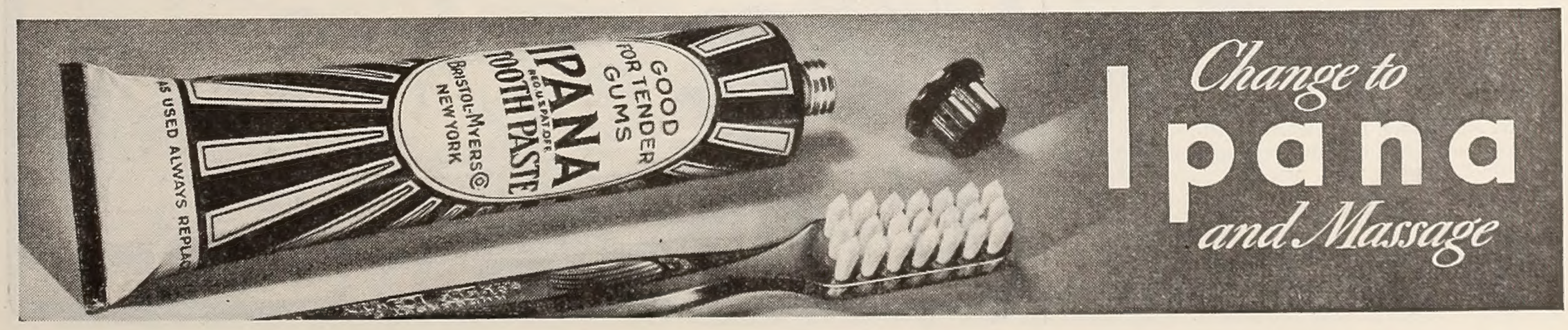
"Pink tooth brush" is only a warning—but when you see it, *see your dentist!* You may not be in for serious trouble—*but let your dentist decide.* Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender under our modern soft foods—gums that need more work and, as your dentist may advise, "gums that need the help of Ipana and massage."

Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help promote healthy gums—as well as keep the teeth bright and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—your gums become firmer, more resistant, more immune to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage, today. Help keep your gums firmer, stronger—your smile *brilliant, sparkling, attractive*—with Ipana and massage!

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—For more effective massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset's *Double Duty* Tooth Brush.



JAN -5 1938 ©C1B 363448

TO HELP END THE CATHARTIC HABIT

***Try This Improved Pasteurized Yeast That's* EASY TO EAT**



IF YOU take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that cathartics give only temporary relief from constipation—that they don't seem to correct the *cause* of your condition.

Doctors now know that in many cases the real cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. This precious factor is often deficient in many typical every-day diets. Thus when this factor is added to such diets in sufficient amounts, constipation goes. Elimination becomes regular and complete.

Energy Revives—Headaches Go

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure pasteurized yeast and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. They should stimulate your weakened intestinal nerves and muscles and quickly restore your eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

Thus, with the true cause of your constipation corrected, energy revives, headaches of the constipation type go, skin becomes clearer and fresher.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot ferment in the body.* They have a pleasant, nut-like taste. And contain nothing to put on fat.

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. Get a bottle today. Refuse substitutes.



Free Taste Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. MM1-38
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Canadian readers please send 10c to cover postage and duty.

MODERN SCREEN

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Modern Screen, No. 301773. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Company, Incorporated. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. Chicago, Ill. office, 360 N. Michigan Avenue. George T. Delacorte, Jr., President, H. Meyer, Vice-President, J. F. Henry, Vice-President; M. Delacorte, Secretary. Vol. 16, No. 2, January, 1938. Printed in the U. S. A. Price in the United States, $1.00 a year, 10c a copy. Canadian subscriptions, $1.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions $2.00 a year. Entered as second class matter, September 18, 1930, at the Postoffice, Dunellen, New Jersey, under act of March 3, 1879. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Sole foreign Agents: The International News Company, Ltd., 5 Breams Building, London, E.C. 4, England. Names of characters used in stories and in humorous and semi-fictional matter are fictitious. If the name of a living person is used it is purely a coincidence.



The Amusement World is Ablaze!

"ROSALIE"

Ziegfeld created it on the stage—his greatest triumph! Now—on the screen—M-G-M tops even "The Great Ziegfeld" itself with a new happiness hit!... Thrilling music! Gorgeous girls! Laughs galore! Tender romance—of a Princess and a West Point cadet—with the grandest cast of stars ever in one spectacular picture!





COLE PORTER SONGS

"It's All Over But the Shouting"
"Spring Love Is in the Air"
"Rosalie"
"In the Still of the Night"
"Who Knows"
"Why Should I Care"

Starring

NELSON EDDY

Eleanor POWELL

featuring RAY BOLGER • FRANK MORGAN
EDNA MAY OLIVER • REGINALD OWEN
ILONA MASSEY • BILLY GILBERT
JANET BEECHER • VIRGINIA GREY
and Hundreds of American Beauties

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Produced by
WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUIRE



Introducing beautiful Ilona Massey, new star sensation! ...And above, just for laughs, you have funny Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver and Ray Bolger.

☆ WARNER BROS.' CHRISTMAS PRESENT

A million dollars worth of fun,

Claudette

COLBERT

Charles

BOYER

in

THE SEASON'S MOST EXCITING SCREEN EVENT

TOVARICH

The show that gave Paris a new sensation, thrilled London, and captured New York . . . now in the full glory of the screen's mighty magic . . . with a great cast of supporting stars including

BASIL RATHBONE

ANITA LOUISE

MELVILLE COOPER • ISABEL JEANS

MORRIS CARNOVSKY • VICTOR KILIAN • An ANATOLE LITVAK Production
Screen play by Casey Robinson • Adapted from the play by Jacques Deval • English Version by Robert E. Sherwood • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. Picture

☆

It's on the way to your favorite theatre now—the grandest love and laughter picture of this or any other year! . . . A glorious Christmas treat for a hundred million movie-goers.

TO THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD! ☆

glamour and romance!



"Yesterday is done! Tomorrow—who knows? . . . Tonight's our night!"



Ready for a gala night in Paris! . . . with 4 billion francs in the bank—and not a sou they could call their own!





The runaway lovers take to the roof in one of the amusing and amazing scenes in "Tovarich."



"TOVARICH" is full of big moments—and here's one as Charles Boyer comes face to face with that suave villain . . . Basil Rathbone.



BY
ANN
WILLS

Lovely Lynne Carver finds her touch of glitter in the green mirrored ornaments that star the blouse of this smart, black crepe afternoon dress. It's smart enough to wear to dinner and the theatre with your best beau, too!

Pretty Betty Jaynes chooses a black wool crepe dinner gown, embroidered with silver for glamorous evenings. Yes, wool crepe, once strictly a utilitarian fabric, has graduated from the sports class.



THERE'S GLAMOR IN GLITTER

TWINKLE, twinkle, every star! That's Hollywood's watchword and motto this gay winter season. For the stars of the screen, not content with merely outshining the stars of the heavens by the light of their own brand of glamor, are adding further radiance to their already sparkling personalities by adopting whole-heartedly, the new mode of glitter.

Flash like a firefly! Shimmer like the Milky Way! Sparkle! No matter what you call it, that's what you must do this winter, if you're going to follow the fashions of your screen favorites.

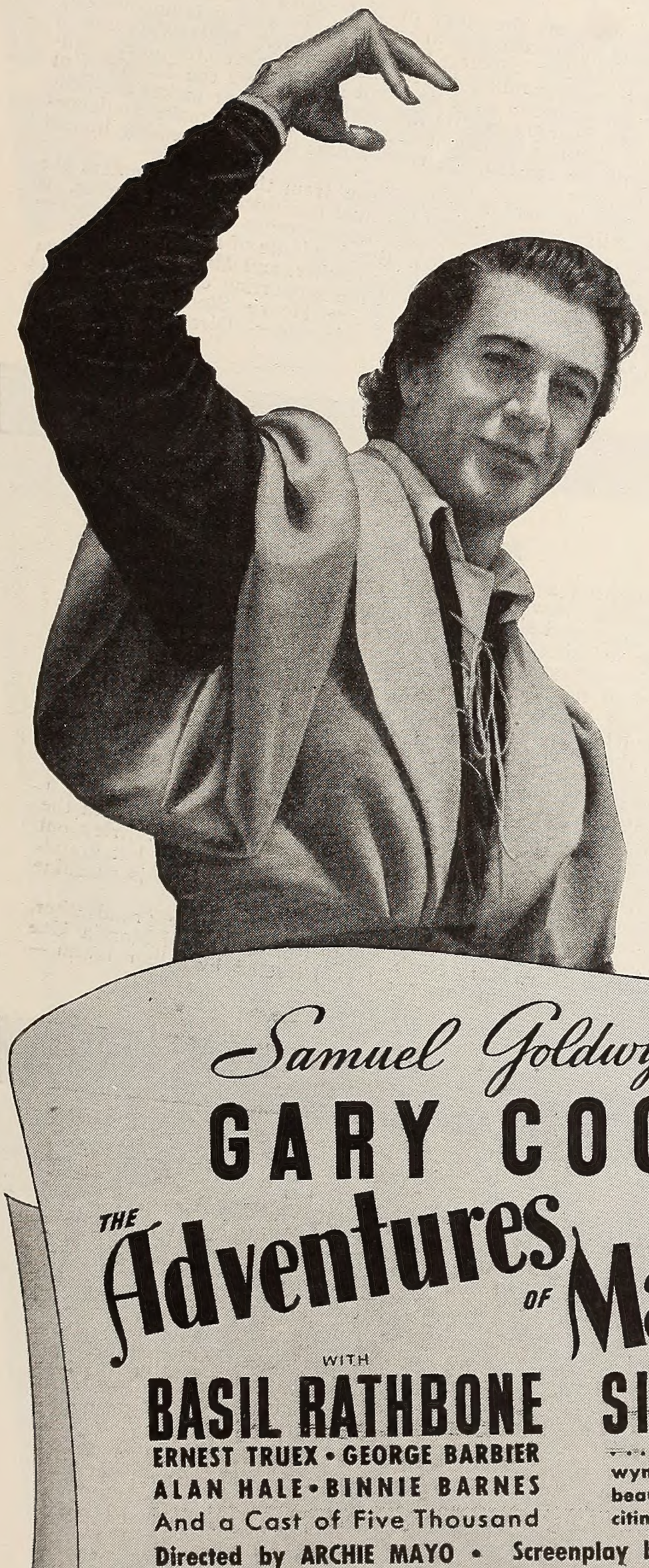
Gone is the wide-eyed ingenue. Instead, this winter you'll be alluring, sophisticated, devastatingly feminine, a siren in sequins, or brocade, or metallics, or lamé. You'll have a touch of glitter about you someplace, whether it's in the fabric of your dress or in your ornaments or accessories, whether it's sequins, gold, or jewelled trimmings.

Hollywood and Paris agree perfectly for once, and both are going in for glitter in a beeg way. Inspired by the styles of the Gay Nineties and by the fireworks displays at the Paris Exposition last summer, the designers have outdone (*Continued on page 61*)

And you must sparkle, too, if you follow movie star fashions

"Come with me!"

Around the world...from romantic Venice to the mystery and wonder of old China. Do you want beautiful women? To Gamble? To Trade? Want Money? Want a Good Fight? With wealth, beauty and love...if you win?





Women, glamorous and gay, who welcomed Marco . . . sharing their hearts and secrets for a brief hour...then, remembering.



The proud princess... whose guarded pagoda was stormed by whispers and sighs...teaching a stranger how to *really* love.



The cunning and trickery of the East...an adventurer's blundering luck... matching wits for the world's treasures in trade.



The clash of mighty armies...a hero's sword slashing his way... and then, with his beloved safe in his arms, across the bridge that even today in Peiping is called the Marco Polo Bridge.

Samuel Goldwyn PRESENTS

GARY COOPER

THE Adventures OF Marco Polo

WITH

BASIL RATHBONE

ERNEST TRUEX • GEORGE BARBIER

ALAN HALE • BINNIE BARNES

And a Cast of Five Thousand

INTRODUCING

SIGRID GURIE

... discovered by Samuel Goldwyn in Norway . . . young, beautiful, interesting and exciting in her fresh talent . . .

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO • Screenplay by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

Released thru United Artists



Samuel Goldwyn creates a mighty cavalcade of splendor and excitement in the world's most romantic adventure.

REVIEWS • A TOUR



★★★★ Conquest

Magnificent in every sense of the word, "Conquest" will go down in cinema history as one of the finest pictures ever to come out of Hollywood. It has beauty and grandeur, a brilliant script and two of the most superb performances you will see on the screen in many seasons.

In bringing to films the story of Napoleon's love for the Polish countess, Marie Walewska, Garbo has been given what is undoubtedly the finest role of her career. She plays Marie Walewska with a warmth and understanding which makes the character live. Brilliant as her performance is, it does not overshadow the Napoleon of Charles Boyer. Looking exactly like Napoleon, Boyer makes the little Corsican the picture's dominant character. He will make audiences understand all the passion, the ruthlessness and the intensely human quality of the man.

Story covers the career of Napoleon from the time he enters the life of the Polish countess until his final banishment from France. It follows the love story, Napoleon's overpowering desire for conquest and the bitter defeat at Waterloo. Every minute of it is enthralling.

Dame May Whitty, as Napoleon's mother, and Maria Ouspenskaya as the Countess' sister-in-law, head the supporting cast with splendid performances. Others outstanding are Henry Stephenson, George Houston, Leif Erikson and Claude Gillingwater. Directed by Clarence Brown—*M-G-M*.



★★★ Heidi

This is everything a good Shirley Temple picture should be. It shows off America's new Sweetheart in her most lovable manner. It allows her to dance and sing, and the entire production is done on the lavish scale so befitting the box-office renown of its star. Against a beautiful Alpine background, Shirley perpetrates more good deeds in one picture than the Boy Scouts could accomplish in a year. An orphan left by a mean aunt to live with a snarling old grandfather (Jean Hersholt), reputed by the villagers to be an infidel, Shirley soon softens the heart of the aged one and in a short time has him lustily singing hymns in church every Sunday. Then, spirited away by the same mean aunt who takes her to the big city and sells her to a rich household as companion to a crippled girl, Shirley continues her good work by teaching her new friend to walk, thus foiling a nasty governess who hoped, by keeping the child helpless, to win the love of the girl's father. The vengeful governess takes Shirley out and tries to sell her to the gypsies (perish the thought!), but grandfather arrives on the scene at the proper moment and all is sunshine once more.

Jean Hersholt gives a splendid performance as the grandfather, and Arthur Treacher, Mary Nash, Mady Christians and Marcia Mae Jones are outstanding in lesser roles. Directed by Allan Dwan.—*20th Century-Fox*.



★★★ Live, Love and Learn

Using a formula plot, Metro has emerged with an entertaining little comedy drama of the light and sophisticated school, the success of which is due mainly to the players in the three top roles. The three are Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell and Robert Benchley, and all the picture's brighter moments are theirs.

The teaming of Montgomery and Russell proves a wise move, for they handle their bantering comedy roles even better than they did their more dramatic assignments in "Night Must Fall." Miss Russell, particularly, shows herself adept at this type of thing. Reviewers can no longer refer to her as a minor league Myrna Loy—her comedy is big-time stuff now.

The story is routine, employing the well-worn triangle theme, but the dialogue and the performances lift it above average entertainment. Robert Benchley, in his fattest screen role to date, gets many laughs as a convivial and constant house guest of Mr. M. and Miss R In the lesser roles Monty Wooley, as an art dealer, Helen Vinson as Miss Russell's rival, and E. E. Clive in one of his British carica tures. are outstanding. Directed by George Fitzmaurice.—*M-G-M*.

BY LEO TOWNSEND

OF TODAY'S TALKIES

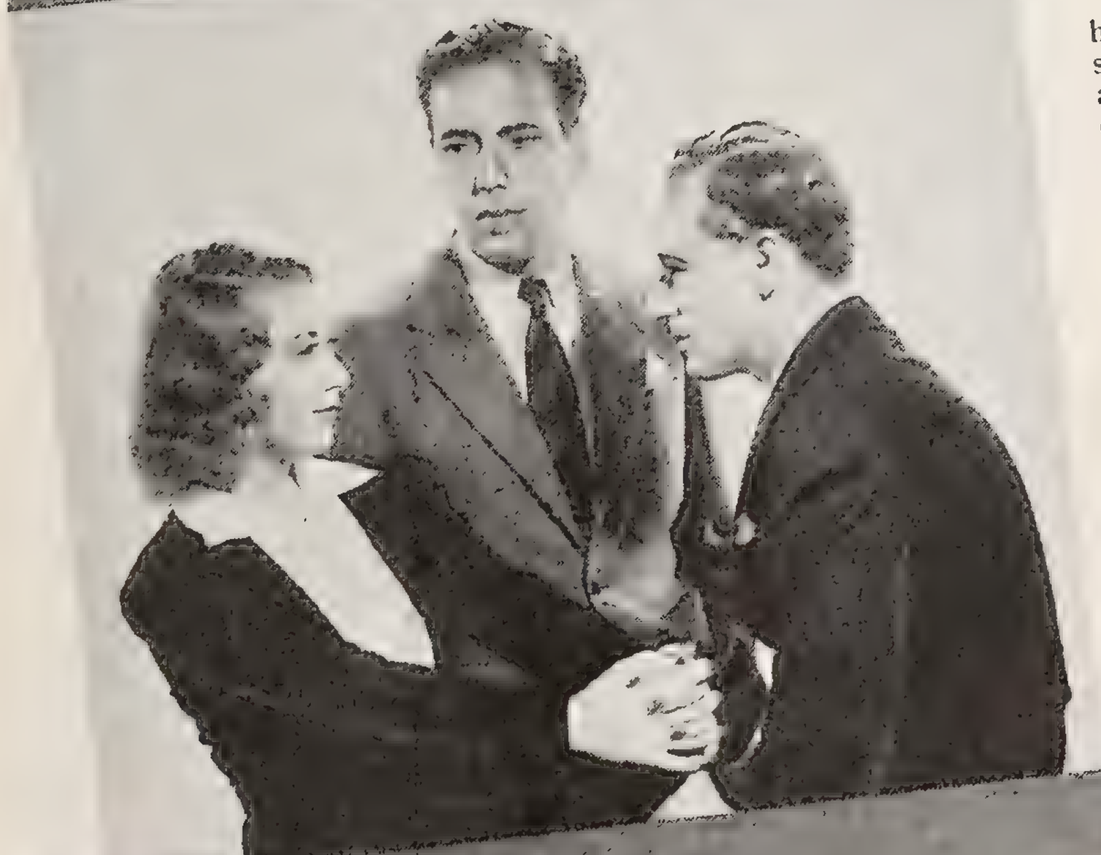


★★★★ The Awful Truth

The nonsensical comedy vogue, which has been worked pretty nearly to death in recent pictures, gets a new lease on life. Reason is that "The Awful Truth" is a swell show—the best of its kind this season. Using the same basic ingredients employed in most of the recent barrage of insane farce, Director Leo McCarey has fashioned a comedy materpiece, proving that all a pictures needs is a good script, a good cast—and Mr. McCarey.

Plot is based on the marital tribulations of Cary Grant and Irene Dunne. After a spat they decide on divorce, and Mr. G. takes up with a fluffy-headed night-club singer (Joyce Compton) and a society belle (Molly Lamont), while Miss D. devotes her time to a hardy oil man from the west (Ralph Bellamy). In the process of their Getting Back Together Again, some of the year's finest screen entertainment is unreeled.

Cary Grant establishes himself as Hollywood's Number One romantic comedian, and Irene Dunne, after her disappointing work in "High, Wide and Handsome" makes a swell comeback. Ralph Bellamy is perfect as the pure and honest oil man, and Joyce Compton deserves mention for her hilarious rendition of "Gone With the Wind." Alexander D'Arcy, Cecil Cunningham and Esther Dale are outstanding.—*Columbia*



★★★ Stand-in

When it comes to kidding Hollywood, the home town boys don't have to bow to anyone. "Stand-in" gives the picture business a satirical and very amusing kick in the pants, and although its author, Clarence Budington Kelland, isn't a Hollywood son, you can thank the local boys and girls for pointing the thing up and giving it the wallop which makes it one of the season's funniest films.

Everything happens when Atterbury Dodd, of the conservative banking firm of Pennypacker, Pennypacker & Pennypacker, arrives in Hollywood to take over management of Colossal Studio, which is failing in spite of its impressive title. Mr. Dodd knows little of life and nothing of Hollywood (he'd never even heard of Shirley Temple!); but he learns about both in a hurry.

Leslie Howard turns in a grand comedy job in the role of the bewildered Mr. Dodd, and Joan Blondell, in the title role, is a constant delight as a flip-cracking film trouper. Watch for her devastating impersonation of Shirley Temple singing "The Good Ship Lollipop." Next in the acting honors is Humphrey Bogart in the role of a producer disillusioned by alcohol and his pathetic love for a phoney screen siren, ably played by seductive Marla Shelton. Alan Mowbray gets plenty of laughs as a Russian director, and J. C. Nugent and Tully Marshall are effective as the Pennypackers. Directed by Tay Garnett—*Walter Wanger*



★★★ Ali Baba Goes to Town

Eddie Cantor, according to reports, has a terrific following in radio. Chances are he won't lose any of them as a result of his new starring picture, but he won't add any new customers. What we're trying to say is that "Ali Baba Goes To Town" is amusing more because of its final script than because of any of its performances, including Mr. Cantor's.

The story has Cantor, an extra in an Arabian movie, take an overdose of sleeping powders and wake up in ancient Bagdad. The Sultan (Roland Young) is having trouble with his subjects, so Cantor steps in, employs New Deal tactics, teaches the natives swing music and turns the country upside down. There is gentle and often witty lampooning of the present administration, and there are a couple of standout musical numbers by the six musicians who call themselves the Raymond Scott Quintette.

Cantor works hard in his role, and devotees of his type of comedy will undoubtedly applaud his antics. Roland Young is wasted in the role of the Sultan, and Louise Hovick, as his conniving wife, shows more anatomy than dramatic skill. A somewhat tepid romance is handled amateurishly by Tony Martin and June Lang. Directed by David Butler.—*20th Century Fox.*

More Reviews on Page 60

It's a gala month, picture-goers, for there are hits galore

A CORNER ON XMAS PIE

BY MARJORIE DEEN

Here, at last, in Dorothy Lamour's tempting Christmas Pie, is a dessert that is not too rich to follow that heavy dinner you're going to have.

On the "Big Broadcast" set, Dorothy builds up energy for her next scene with a handful of delicious raisins.





Dorothy Lamour would like you to try her favorite holiday desserts, because they're so unusual

REMEMBER Little Jack Horner's famous Christmas Pie, the one from which "he pulled out a plum"? Well, I learned something interesting the other day about that feat of his, during a conversation with Dorothy Lamour. It seems that it wasn't a plum that he drew out at all, but a raisin. For, traditionally, a Christmas Pie is one which, like Mince Pie, is simply chockful of raisins and has no more relation to plums than does a Plum Pudding!

I discovered, after further research, that the English give to raisins, when they are used as a cooking ingredient, the term "plums"—for no good reason that I've been able to unearth! But, anyway, that's how it happens that at Christmas time, though we refer to plums, it's really raisins we plan to use when making up the various tempting desserts with which we top off our Yuletide feasts.

One of the nicest desserts I've heard about in some time is Dorothy's version of Jack Horner's Christmas Pie. But you'd never go sit in a corner, like Jack did, to eat it, for this treat deserves a place in the spotlight. This pastry dessert is even nicer than Mince Pie because it isn't too rich, which certainly is a point in its favor when you realize that it is intended to be served after a rich holiday meal. Another pleasant feature is that it's easy to make.

You haven't much time, you know, for cooking experiments or household pursuits when you're playing in pictures. You have even less leisure, of course, when you add a weekly radio broadcast to your other activities as does Miss Lamour. So Dorothy must confine her cooking efforts to infrequent sallies into the kitchen to prepare the one or two dishes which both she and her husband, Herbie Kaye, enjoy as a change from restaurants and night-club fare. Throughout the winter months when cranberries and raisins are popular, this pie wins their unqualified approval—as it will yours—with its delicious flavor and succulent Christmas "plums."

CHRISTMAS PIE

2 cups seedless raisins
1½ cups cranberries
2¾ cups sugar
1½ cups boiling water
2 tablespoons flour
1½ tablespoons cornstarch
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
1 egg, beaten *(Continued on page 80)*

HOLD YOUR HEART AND TAP YOUR TOES!

. . . Here comes Fred's big dancing show . . . with Hollywood's Girl of Your Dreams for romance . . . and George and Gracie Gracier than ever! . . . New daring dance creations! . . . New bluezy song swingsations! . . . New knock-out laugh sensations! . . . in a dizzical, dancical, musical show thrilled to the top with buoyant life at its gayest!

Thrill to the tunes of 4 hit songs! . .

"Foggy Day"—"Nice Work If You Can Get It"—"I Can't Be Bothered Now"—"Things Are Looking Up"

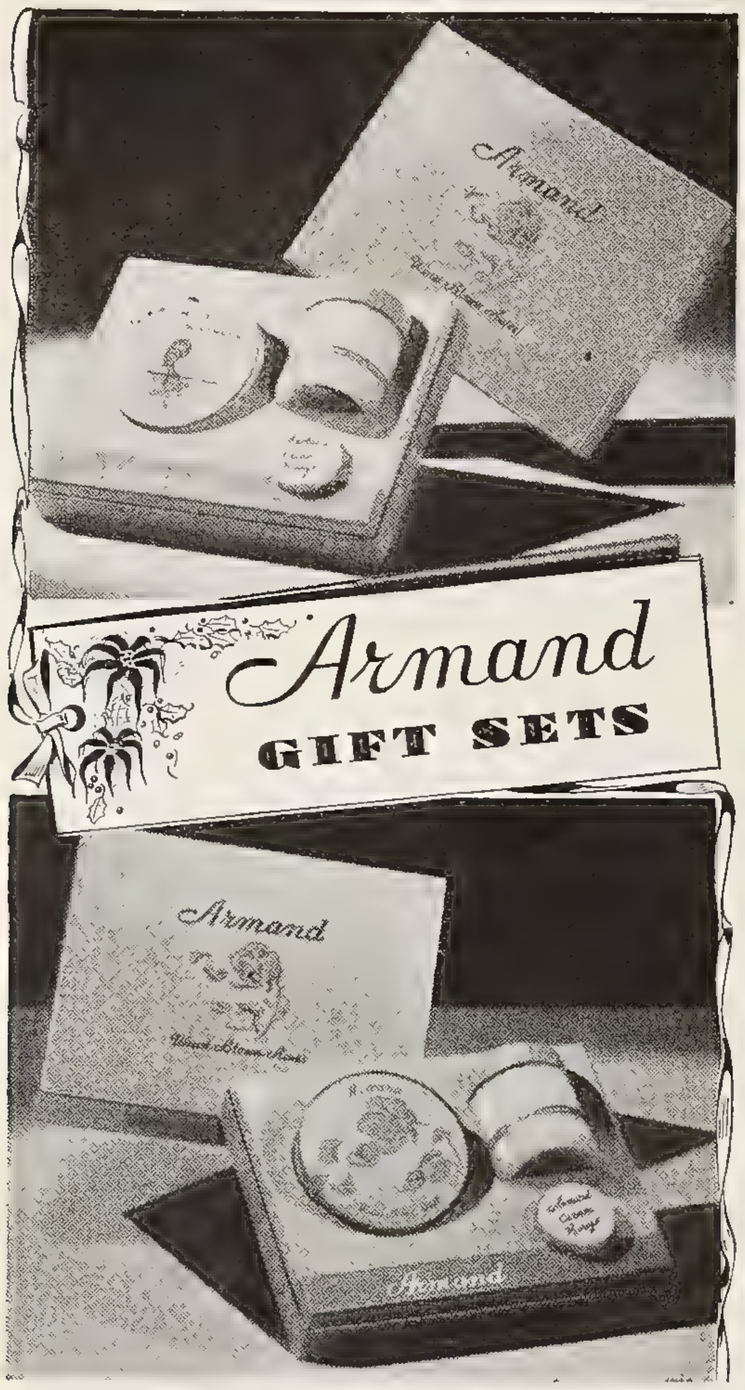


Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN
Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN
ARTHUR S. BERMAN PRODUCTION
DIRECTED BY GEORGE STEVENS

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Screen Play by P. G. Wodehouse • Ernest Pagano • S. K. Lauren

FRED ASTAIRE
GEORGE BURNS AND GRACIE ALLEN
IN
A Damsel in Distress
WITH
JOAN FONTAINE • REGINALD GARDINER
RAY NOBLE
FROM THE STORY BY P. G. WODEHOUSE



PERFECT

for name after name on your Christmas list!

Now! Armand comes to the rescue of those perplexed by Christmas buying. Every friend whom you remember with an Armand Gift Set, will exclaim, "Oh, how NICE!" Gorgeously artistic, Armand Gift Sets are sure to please . . . yet helpfully inexpensive.

The lucky recipient of an Armand Gift Set will thank you ever afterward. In two styles, both contain Armand Blended Cream, that new five-in-one facial . . . the secret of fresh, radiant loveliness. Both styles contain Armand Cream Rouge, used by fastidious women to subtly high light their beauty. You have your choice of either Armand Wind Blown Roses Powder or the famous Armand Cold Cream Powder.

Do your Christmas shopping early at your favorite toiletries counter. When you see these exciting Armand Gift Sets, you will want several, probably one for yourself, too.

Mail This

ARMAND: Des Moines, Iowa

Please send free sample of Armand Blended Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

I buy my cosmetics at the following store:

_____

MM 138—This offer expires Feb. 1, 1938





Rosemary Lane (First printing. Number of requests 367.) She was born in Indianola, Iowa, on April 4, 1916 and her name was Rosemary Mullican. She attended high school there and then went to Simpson College. In college, she appeared in a variety of operettas and plays and displayed a very definite talent. She studied voice and piano with an eye to becoming a concert pianist. She was a Pi Beta Phi and belonged to the National Scholastic Society, but doesn't look the part at all. In fact, she was the original Betty Co-Ed with every boy in college begging for dates. Rosemary, however, wasn't the only pretty and talented girl in the Mullican family. She had three sisters, Leota, Lola and Priscilla. Leota and Lola were the first to launch themselves on a theatrical career and while Priscilla was in New York studying dramatics, Rosemary and her mother paid her a visit. One day the girls stopped in a music publisher's to buy some of the newest songs and while they were running over the music a man passed by who was so impressed with their voices that he introduced himself. The man was Fred Waring and he gave them both jobs with his Pennsylvanians. With Waring's orchestra, Rosemary and Priscilla had plenty of radio work and stage appearances and then came a picture offer from Hollywood. "Varsity Show" was the result. Rosemary's beauty and talent pictured as well as it got over on the stage and radio and she was signed by Warners.



Lee Bowman (First printing. Number of requests, 325). Lee Bowman really intended to become an attorney and if it hadn't been for his brother-in-law, who was head of the little theatre movement in Omaha, Neb., he probably would have. Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on December 28, his childhood and early youth was about the same as any average boy's. After graduating from high school he took a three-year prelegal course at the University of Cincinnati. During this period, his brother-in-law, Bernard Szold, stepped in and induced him to leave school and join a stock company in Omaha. He played several roles with telling success and again, on his relative's advice, went to New York and took a two years' course at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Following this, he joined a stock company in Jaffray, New Hampshire and from that graduated to a role in the New York production of "Berkeley Square." In that play a Paramount talent scout discovered him. A test followed and a contract was the result. Bowman has sung on the radjo and can go into a mean buck-and-wing without batting an eyelash.

NELSON EDDY

19th October, 1937

Dear Information Desk:

Just by way of thanking you, may I say how much I appreciate the Barometer standing your readers have accorded me!

I feel honored that they should take time to send in votes for me and feel also that your Barometer is an accurate gauge of public opinion where a star is concerned. You know how chief a concern it is for a player to please the public, and when he can know for a certainty just how he stands it is a fine thing indeed. The fact that the Barometer compiles a six months' record inspires confidence in its authenticity. Because of this, I am all the more grateful to the fans who have been so generous.

With best wishes for your continued success,

Very sincerely yours,

Nelson Eddy

Information Desk
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Avenue
New York, New York

Due to a misunderstanding which seems to be confusing a great number of Information Desk followers, we are taking this opportunity to again explain the system by which our Barometer figures are compiled. A star's position on the Barometer is determined according to the number of votes he or she receives over a period of six months. Thus, if Errol Flynn were to receive three thousand votes from April through September, that would be the number of votes to appear on the Barometer for that six months' period. However, when October's votes are tabulated, the month of April is deducted from the original three thousand and October's total added, in order to keep the number of months still limited to six. It is possible that the number of votes Flynn received in April might have far exceeded the number received in October. Thus, his grand total in October would be less than his grand total in September. One month is always deducted for each new month added. Therefore, though a star's rating may seem incorrect, it is actually a perfectly authentic count of the votes sent for a perpetual period of six months.

Eight Movie Fans, Newark, N. J. Anything to oblige. Claire Trevor is five feet three inches tall and isn't married. Igor Gorin is Russian. Frankie Darro just acts that way because of the parts he gets; he's not really tough at all. And neither is he Judy Garland's boy friend. Mickey Rooney is the lucky lad. Humphrey Bogart was married but has recently been divorced from Mary Phillips. As for the song you're interested in, why not try your favorite music store?

Sarah Percosky, Brooklyn, N. Y. It's no easy matter to break into the movies and you certainly won't find talent scouts wandering around Brooklyn. Why not try your luck on some amateur radio program and see how far your talent takes you? If you are outstanding, you will achieve recognition and, if not, better give up the idea of pictures.

Erna Wilde, Chicago, Ill. To obtain photographs of the stars write to the studio where they are under contract and enclose twenty-five cents to cover mailing cost. Janet Gaynor may be reached at United Artists, Hollywood, Calif. Margaret Lindsay, Errol Flynn and Anita Louise should be addressed, Warner Brothers, Burbank, Calif., Don Ameche and Tyrone Power, at 20th Century-Fox, Hollywood, Calif., and Clark Gable, Bill Powell, Luise Rainer, Jimmy Stewart and Robert Taylor at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Calif.

Laurence Mayer, Woonsocket, R. I. Life stories of favorite stars appear each month in this department of MODERN SCREEN. The Mauch twins' biography can be found on page seventy-four of the November issue. This also answers Frances Lampert.

Dorothy Bachelder, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Mickey Rooney is fifteen years old, Deanna Durbin fourteen, Judy Garland, thirteen and Jackie Cooper is a young man of sixteen.

Iva Kraus, Ellwood City, Penna. Pat O'Brien's pet hobby is buying loud neckties for himself. When his friends josh him he pretends whatever dizzy neckpiece he may be wearing at the time is a present from his wife! Simone Simon's latest picture is "Love And Hisses."

Arlene Darrow, Cleveland, Ohio: If you will send a self-addressed, stamped envelope, your questions will be answered since they are too long to appear in this column.

Floyd Smith, Lockport, N. Y. We are glad to be able to set you straight on this Barometer business and hope that our reply to you will answer a lot of other similar questions. First: One person may send in all the requests he wishes and they need not be written on a coupon. Each separate request, of course, counts as a new vote for the favored star. Now, as to our free-picture offer. We did have such an offer some months ago, awarding a picture to the person sending in the most requests for some star, but the idea has proved highly impractical and has since been discontinued.

Mrs. Stella Borders, Portsmouth, Ohio: Yes, Robert Taylor did appear in a picture with the late Will Rogers. The title was "Handy Andy," and it was released in 1934.

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print, in this department, a brief life story of

....

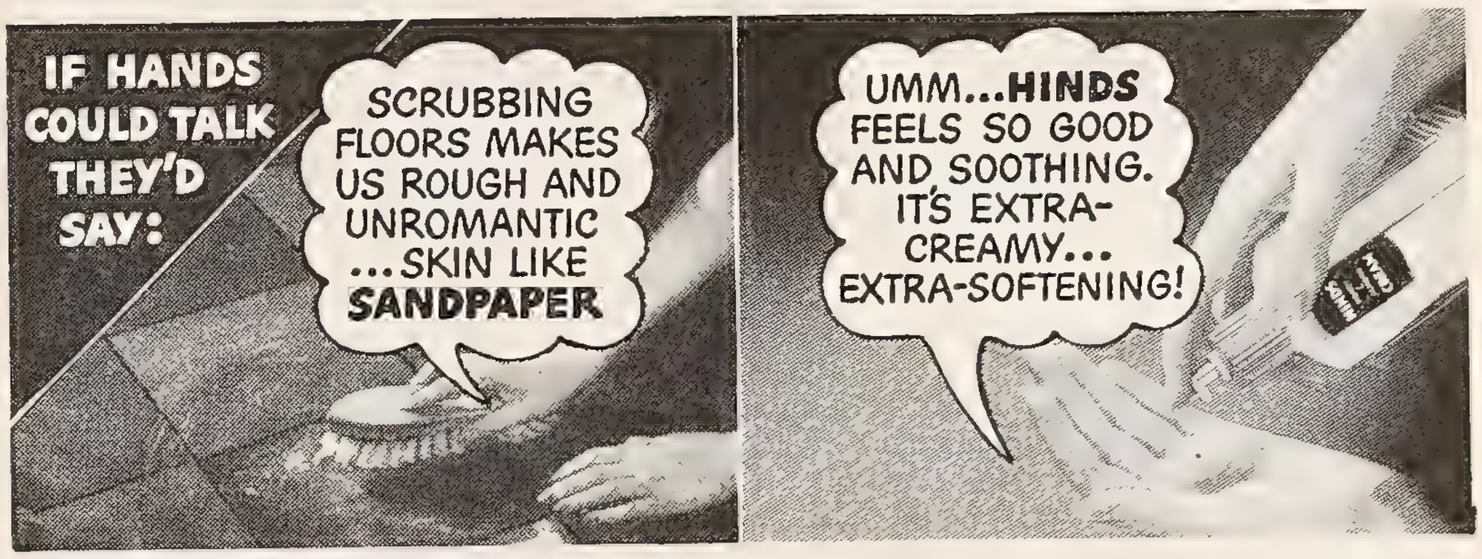
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If you would like our chart with weights, heights, ages, birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

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HINDS
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

FOR HONEYMOON HANDS

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Out on the "Bringing Up Baby" set, "Baby" is a long, lean leopard, not Katharine Hepburn. Baby was rented from Olga, famous animal trainer here in town—but it isn't Olga who keeps Baby so docile. It's the fact that everyone in the cast is doused with perfume. For the leopard is a push-over for French perfume, preferring "Evening In Paris" above everything else. Once having sniffed this on one of the players, Baby is his friend. Funniest thing we've ever seen is the husky director, Cary Grant and Charlie Ruggles spraying themselves with a large atomizer of perfume before going into a scene with Baby.

When his publicity department tried to get Wayne Morris on the phone the other morning, they found to their surprise that the number had been changed. Wayne finally drifted in later on in the day, and the irate department head asked him just why this had happened. Wayne blushed crimson, then stepped up to the boss and whispered, "Well, isn't that what they all do out here?"

When Carole Lombard and the "True Confession" company journeyed to Lake Arrowhead for location scenes, a Mr. Gable decided Arrowhead was a swell place for a short vacation. The mountains up that way look especially fetching when Miss L. is standing in front of them. Third day up there Gable drove to nearby San Bernardino and stopped in at a bakery to buy a birthday cake for Writers went to work furiously on "Mad About Music," while the Wall Street bankers held the purse strings. To add to the situation, Deanna was growing taller almost daily, and Universal executives were growing correspondingly balder. As we go to press, the script has just been finished, Deanna is just on the verge of blossoming into young womanhood, and the bankers in Wall Street are coughing nervously.

Over at RKO they're fuming over a rotund comedian who has cost the studio over $100,000 on one production. His habit of forgetting to show up for work got very annoying, especially on days when several hundred extras had been assembled for scenes. The gal star of the picture, who was once very friendly with the guy, now treats him with icy silence. The other day the errant thespian topped everything when, after a gay night, he showed up right on time for work—but at the *wrong* studio.

Mae West, whose popularity is on the wane, invited the press to a huge cocktail party on one of the sets of her new picture, "Every Day's a Holiday." It was Mae's first party to the press, a nice social gesture as well as a chance to coax a few lines in the public prints. Affair started at five, and it wasn't till six that Mae made her grand entrance. With a regal smile she seated herself at the honor table, and George Rector made crepe suzettes on a chafing

GOOD news

BY

LEO TOWNSEND

Carole. In five minutes the whole town was at the door, the baker rushed out for a photographer, and Clark dutifully posed with everything from corn muffins to angel cake.



Sonja Henie must be out of town for the evening 'cause here's Ty Power, dating Janet Gaynor, and incidentally, getting a light.

Most uninteresting item of the month: Jeanette MacDonald's press agent, wilting under sustained cross-examination, reveals Jeanette's favorite swear words. They are, "Oh, flibbergibble;" and "Oh, shuttlebob!" We merely report this in the hope that Miss MacDonald will read it and blush. We've seen her on the set when, on more than one accasion, she shouted out a few good lady-like damns. And we don't give a flibbergibble who knows it!

What is this thing called Love? Tyrone Power kisses Janet Gaynor a fond goodbye and she sets forth for New York firmly believing she is the girl in his life. Next day Sonja Henie arrives in Hollywood, and Mr. P. is on hand to kiss her a fond hello. And Loretta Young, who gave up Director Eddie Sutherland for Tyrone, now goes with Producer Joe Mankiewicz, who probably doesn't give a shuttlebob about the whole situation.

Very fancy situation out at Universal. With "100 Men and a Girl" practically saving the studio from bankruptcy, orders came through to rush another Deanna Durbin picture into production.

dish and over the loud speaker system. Completed, they were handed over to Mae, who devoured them daintily while the press, munching meatballs, was allowed to look on. It was all very elegant and dignified, befitting a personage of Miss W.'s background.

You probably never thought of Spencer Tracy as a male fashion plate, but wait until you see him in "Mannequin." In a fashion show scene, Mr. T. appears in cutaway, striped pants and ascot tie. The costume wasn't by Adrian, but it could have been. Spencer took plenty of kidding on his sartorial elegance from cast and crew. Just to show you what a spineless guy he is, he was afraid to wear his costume to the commissary for lunch. Each noon hour he rushed to his dressing-room and put on an old suit before appearing in the lunch room.

Well, they settled the big Bartholomew-M-G-M feud. Freddie claimed he couldn't pay his way through grammar school on the paltry thousand-a-week they had been paying him, and Metro told Freddie they made much less than that themselves when they

were a boy. But now Freddie is back at the studio, at $2,000 per week, and everybody is happy. Except young Douglas Scott, whose accent is just as British as Freddie's, and who would have had Freddie's job had the feud continued.

■ ■ ■

In a studio projection room the other day, we looked at several scenes from "The Goldwyn Follies," on which Mr. G. is spending some two million dollars. One of them was a ballet number. We don't know how you'll like ballet, but we're positive you're going to like the dancer, Zorina. She's one of the most gorgeous creatures we've ever seen on the screen, so keep an eye out for her. We also saw a scene with Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. McCarthy is funny, but we predict he won't be as popular on the screen as he is on the air. If we're wrong, pretend you didn't read it here.

■ ■ ■



Surprise! Bette Davis doesn't seem to know what to do about that lei someone gave her at the Club Waikiki opening. That's Lloyd Nolan on her right, listening very intently.



Gay doings among the stars these days, with holiday hilarity holding forth in Cinemaland

Tch, tch, Simone! We never would have suspected you of being coy. Or is that just the effect Gene Markey has on you? Yep, it's romance.



Happy, though married, Fredric March and his attractive wife, Florence Eldredge, enjoy an evening just for two.

One of the nicest young ladies either on or off the screen is Virginia Bruce (unpd. advt.). We spent a pleasant half hour recently in her dressing-room on the "Bad Man of Brimstone" set, discussing this and that and taking in the scenery. The scenery, of course, is Miss B. herself. She never wears make-up on the screen, and we tried to pry loose a few beauty secrets. Unfortunately, it seems, there ain't no secrets. The little lady just happens to be beautiful, which is a dandy trick if you can do it.

■ ■ ■

Best gag of the month is in "Live, Love and Learn." When Bob
(*Continued on page 70*)

REPUBLIC PICTURES PRESENTS

PHIL REGAN · LEO CARRILLO
ANN DVORAK
Tamara Geva · James Gleason
GENE AUTRY

GENE AUTRY

LEO CARRILLO

CAB CALLOWAY

KAY THOMPSON

TED LEWIS

JOE DiMAGGIO

HENRY ARMETTA

LUIS ALBERNI

"MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND"

Featuring TED LEWIS and his ORCHESTRA
CAB CALLOWAY and his COTTON CLUB ORCHESTRA
KAY THOMPSON and her RADIO CHOIR • JOE DiMAGGIO
HENRY ARMETTA • LUIS ALBERNI • MAX TERHUNE
SMILEY BURNETTE • LOUIS PRIMA AND HIS BAND
AND... Introducing That Singing Cowboy Star

GENE AUTRY

Directed by CHARLES F. RIESNER • Original screen play by HARRY SAUBER • Adapted from the musical revue "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round" by FRANK HUMMERT

Associate Producer HARRY SAUBER

HIT TUNES...
"Round Up Time In Reno"
"Have You Ever Been In Heaven?"
"Mama, I Wanna Make Rhythm"
"I Owe You"
"All Over Nothing At All"

Republic PICTURES
CREATE HAPPY HOURS



photo by gene kornman

alice faye



photo by gene kornman

tyrone power

photo by scotty welbourne

joan blondell



photo by scotty welbourne

wayne morris



photo by william wälling

mary carlisle

A LADY IN LOVE

BY NANETTE KUTNER

And as such Luise Rainer should be exuberantly happy! But is she? That question is answered in her own inimitable manner

THIS IS a story nobody knows. Neither her studio, nor its press department, nor the dozens of reporters who unsuccessfully tried to reach her. It is the story of Luise Rainer's strange vacation.

They knew she was in the East. Someone had seen her at the opening of "Dead End." Someone else glimpsed her in Connecticut. Those reporters who went down to the end of Fifth Avenue, to the beginning of Greenwich Village, to the Clifford Odets' penthouse, faced a sign neatly typed on a square of paper tacked to the door. It was a warning, a printed slap-in-the-face, brief, explicit, rude. "Unless the visitor has been announced from the desk downstairs the bell will *not* be answered." And that was that. Here is the reason why.

"They think I am not coöperating," Luise Rainer protested, to me—ace tracker-downer—as she paced up and down the wide living-room floor, tossed her black hair, gesticulated with both hands, spoke in her characteristic way—with all of herself.

"No! I was not giving interviews, having my picture taken, buying clothes on Fifth Avenue and running to night clubs. But I was coöperating just the same, coöperating by learning to be a better actress!"

"So you won't rest on that Academy Award laurel," I commented. "But what were you learning? What were you doing?"

For answer she led me out onto the terrace. "Look!" she exclaimed. "Your New York." And we stared down to the East River, to the Hudson, to the compact little streets and the skyscrapers surrounding us.

"Look!" she repeated. "I have just a few very precious weeks. I come here from Hollywood for a breath of air, for a breath of humanity, for life itself. I breathe it in, then I go back. Hollywood is like living in a tower away from reality, nothing is real there. Here it is so different, so wonderful!"

Again the speaking in superlatives, the pacing up and down, the waving of the hands, this time both arms opened wide as if to embrace the whole sky.

"You know what I did on this vacation? You know what I saw? Come, I'll tell you."

Quickly she dusted two deck chairs. "We sit here like this. Now, listen. One week I wear a white uniform like a nurse. I comb my hair back under a cap. I scrub off my make-up. And I persuade a doctor friend of mine to take me to the city hospitals. There I work. I don't go in like a star, with my arms full of flowers, my face full of smiles. No, I go and turn pillows and wash faces and smooth blankets and hold hands. They do not know who I am. But I see things—life, suffering. I see babies whose mothers were too poor to have them. I see little children, undernourished, sick. I ask where they go when they leave the hospital. They must go back, I am told, to the tenements.

"There was one little boy I cannot forget. He had tumor on the brain. I watched the operation. Afterwards he tried to tear off the bandages. He was so sick. Yet he must return to the dirt, the poverty, the drabness, the bad air. But right





Luise Rainer and her playwright hubby, Clifford Odets, lunching. Mr. O. seems to influence wifey, Luise, despite her protestations to the contrary, for while in New York City she chose to rub elbows with the sort of people he writes about.

Luise says, "I'd rather play the part of a slavey in one of those Russian pictures than star in something that is a waste of time."

outside those hospital windows is the East River, and I look and see the yachts of the millionaires. And it makes me sick."

Obviously afraid I might think she shares her husband's radical opinions, Miss Rainer hastily interrupted herself. "I am not interested in politics. I am interested in people. I want to be like them, to understand their troubles, to play to them, not to the yachting ones, who are not real, who are like Hollywood. I want the people to see me and say, 'You're one of us.' I want to take from them their mannerisms, their troubles, the atmosphere in which they live. I want to breathe it all in and give it back a hundred times!

"I went to the public library. I wore an old suit and eyeglasses. I sat and talked to the lonely people there, the city people who had nothing to do, no place to go, nobody with whom they could talk, except perhaps, the doorman. In the library I realized how great America is. One can come to it, and read and learn all for nothing. It is so well organized. In no other country in the world do you find it like this.

"I went to a labor meeting. And I visited the office where the German refugees are sent. I listened to their stories. I tried to put myself in their places, arriving in a strange land, having to speak a new language, leaving everything they love behind them, and no way to earn a living."

She sighed, then smiled as another memory flashed across that quick mind of hers. "I went to the Metropolitan Museum. There I saw too much beauty. It chokes me, so much at the same time. And I made myself only look at one thing—at the Grecian marbles, the sculpture. I wanted to carry that memory back to Holly- (*Continued on page 67*)

ROBIN HOOD THROWS



He calls her Damita and she calls him Fleen, which is just another way of presenting Mr. and Mrs. Errol Flynn.



Plenty of gals will sigh with envy over Joan Blondell when they see her teamed with Flynn in "The Perfect Specimen."

I ARRIVED at Errol Flynn's house at five o'clock to get a story from him. Mr. Flynn is a delightful host. His first thought is for your comfort. "Wouldn't you like to sit out on the terrace? Cigarettes? A glass of sherry, perhaps? Oh yes, we've got a story to do, haven't we? Well, here comes Sheffield with the sherry. Maybe that will inspire us."

Sheffield is the Flynn butler, bespectacled, grave, correct. "A gift direct from P. G. Wodehouse to us," Errol murmurs, as Sheffield's straight back vanishes into the house.

Arno gambols up and lays his gray head on Flynn's knee. Arno is the Schnauzer who once broke his leg on location. Flynn saved his life, by traveling three hundred miles through the night to have the leg set. Involuntarily, your hand goes out to stroke him. His master beams.

"You like dogs? Come on over and see the lion pups." He leads you to a far corner of the garden, where two animals, for whom the term pup seems a misnomer, rise to greet you, forepaws on the wire netting, heads overtopping yours. Flynn introduces them. "Mr. and Mrs." He turns a bland eye on you.

"Oh, but you didn't come out to admire animals. You came for a story. Right." With the utmost good will, he takes you back to the terrace and gets you settled again. He gets himself settled. He drops his hands between his long legs and leans forward, a good child, completely at your disposal. Sheffield appears at the door. "Mr. Ernst calling."

Flynn jumps up, relief written all over his face. "Terribly sorry. Will you excuse me? I'll be right back." When he does come back, he's grinning from ear to ear. He draws a hand over his face to wipe off the grin, and tries, with meager success, to look penitent. "That was Bud Ernst. He always has this effect on me. Peculiar sense of humor. Can't expect you to appreciate the joke, being kept waiting like this. But see here. Maybe I can make up by telling you about the birthday party he gave me." He looks hopeful. "Maybe you could sort of stretch it out, and presto, there's your story!

"Well, I was here all alone. Lili was abroad. Bud called up one morning and said he was giving me a birthday party that night. Up to that moment I'd forgotten that it was my birthday, and been perfectly happy in my ignorance. After he called, I began waxing sentimental, lonely, neglected orphan and all that sort of thing, one true pal in the world, who remembered my birthday. By the time we went out to dinner, I was in a fine glow. Presently, as we sat there, six telegraph boys marched in, the glummest looking sourpusses you ever set eyes on. He must have hand-picked them for hyperacidity or something. They surrounded me, serenaded me with 'Happy

A PARTY

And there's never a dull moment when Errol Flynn plays host

BY

IDA ZEITLIN



Robin Hood in the flesh! We'll bet Sherwood Forest was a popular place if the real R. H. looked like this.

Birthday to you' and marched out again, never having cracked a muscle. I began to wonder. Then in came a magnificent birthday cake, 'Happy Birthday' across the top and all the rest of it. I was so touched I could hardly talk.

"'D'you like it?' Bud asked.

"'I love it,' I told him, almost choking with emotion.

"'That's fine,' said Ernst, and called the waiter. 'Take it away. That's for Frank Morgan's birthday tomorrow. I just rented it.'" As he got to the payoff, Flynn threw back his head and roared with laughter. Sheffield puts in a third appearance at the door. "The guests have arrived, Mr. Flynn," he announces.

You have only time to throw him a look of dismay. "I thought we'd be through by now," he apologizes. "Stick around. Maybe you can get the story between takes. Hello, Sailor."

A SHORT, thick-set man, with a genial face, stands beside Sheffield and makes a low comedy bow. Enter Flynn's Musclemen, otherwise known as the "Body Beautifuls." From the house into the garden, they emerge by twos and threes until there are twenty-five in all, groups of bearded men, fresh from the day's work, in high good humor at the prospect of entertainment. All day they've been wrestling, sparring, learning how to handle swords, cudgels, bows and arrows, in preparation for their jobs as Robin Hood's merry men. Some, who worked with him in "Captain Blood," Flynn knows. Others he's meeting for the first time.

Sailor, doing the honors for the boys, confides in you the origin of the (*Continued on page 64*)

ANITA ASTONISHES !

BY FAITH SERVICE

I TOOK one good look at Anita Louise and then, to paraphrase a popular song, my preconceived ideas stood still! I had expected her to be, to speak honestly, a sort of composite Elsie Dinsmore, Pollyanna and Elaine, the Lily Maid.

In other words, I went to lunch with Anita Louise anticipating, not too eagerly, an hour with a flawlessly beautiful girl, after which I would go home again, not sadder but certainly not wiser.

From the instant Anita Louise joined me at table, from the first strong clasp of her hand, from the first stimulating, alive tone of her voice, my preconceived ideas folded up their little gossamer wings and did flip flops all over the place.

There is a stern quality to her beauty, a forthright, debunking, pungent quality to her mind which would have thrown Elsie Dinsmore into such jitters as even Elsie never could have conceived. And there is a sense of humor which includes even herself and her own problems.

The beauty, of course, cannot be gainsaid. But her intelligence, her vitality and maturity, give to that beauty a character, a compelling power, an intellectual promise which is not, I must admit, the kind of beauty I had expected. Five minutes after we began to talk I forgot how beautiful she is, because her beauty becomes a secondary matter. I said, on a sudden thought, "Your greatest problem must be your beauty."

"It is," she replied, agreeing with me as matter-of-factly, as honestly as though I had said, "that wall eye of yours must be quite a drawback."

Because she is honest. She is completely without coyness. I emphasize that, because a beauty without coyness is a lovely thing indeed. And rare. And it would have been coy of her to simper, to try to pretend that she is blind, can't see herself in the mirror.

I told Anita then, how I'd thought of her as a sort of composite Pollyanna, Elsie Dinsmore and Elaine, the Lily Maid. She laughed, her strong, clear laughter. She said, "The lovely Elaine must have been very lovely, so thanks for that, anyway. But she died before she had the chance to grow up. I didn't, you see."

"She died for love, too," I mused. "Would you?"

"Well, I doubt it," Anita laughed again. "I'm sorry to offend the poets, but I doubt it.

"It is perfectly true, however, that beauty can be, often is, a curse in this profession. Curious paradox, isn't it, when you might suppose that in a pictorial medium, pictorial qualities would be aces in the deck. But they're not. I know that when I talk sensibly, practically, even intelligently, to a producer or a director, they look at me as though they are thinking I should have my temperature taken. I have the horrid fear that they are going to say, 'There, there!' and fob me off with a lollilop or a new dolly.

I'M AFRAID I'm very deceiving, until people know me well. I'm far from being fragile. There is nothing finicky and lace paper valentinish about me, in any way. I adore big, thick steaks and fried potatoes. I never diet. I can, and often do, cook my own meals. I have no beauty secrets except soap and water, and plenty of both, on my face. I do my own nails, usually shampoo my own hair and hang out the window to dry it.

"I'm pretty economical and save my money. I am rather extravagant about clothes, not so much for reasons of personal vanity or indulgence, but because I believe they are necessary overhead in my business. I drive my own car, a Ford. I have one pet, a Scotty named Wee Thistle. I have no hobbies unless you might call my eighty-year-old piano and my two-hundred-year-old violin hobbies. I also have an ancient lute, which I can play. I'm not the languid, chaise-longue type. I play a decent game of tennis, swim, fence, ride.

"I went to the Professional School in New York and then to the Greenwood School for Girls here in Hollywood and took part in most of the school sports. And I'd like to have a part on the screen where I could look as ugly as sin and thus try to demonstrate that I can do something more than simper innocently in the pale moonlight.

"I will say that things are looking up for me. I feel much more hopeful than I did a year or so ago. Hopeful that I am beginning to convince the powers that be that I am grown up, know the facts of life, have red blood in my veins and even a muscle or two. I have the hope that I can soon say goodbye forever to the sugary, vapory, moonlight-and-roses sweet young things, like the candy Miss I did in "First Lady." She (*Continued on page 74*)

She's blonde, she's beautiful—but dumb? Meet luscious Louise

The gods were in a generous mood when they bestowed their blessings on Anita, for not only is she lovely to look at, she's smart as well! A veteran picture star at the ripe old age of twenty, she's set for bigger and better roles from now on.



Anita with Victor Jory, playing one of those sweet girly-girly roles she so abhors, in "First Lady." Some day, she vows, she'll go dramatic in a great big way.

and draw your own conclusions



Meet the gent who causes a stampede every time he ventures out in public. And fifty million women can't be wrong. This Boyer's got what it takes!

BOYER TELLS ON HIMSELF



In "Tovarich," Boyer scores again. He's shown here in a tense moment with Claudette Colbert. They make a snappy-looking couple, what?



Mr. and Mrs. Boyer, in an affectionate pose. The little woman is Pat Paterson, who has quite a fan-following of her own.

Mr. B., playing truth, tells why women are mad for him, and men, mad at him—and why he's big enough to take it!

BY GLADYS HALL

I CAME out of Grauman's Chinese Theatre here in Hollywood the other night after a preview. Stars blocked the way of lesser mortals, and as I waited for my car, there occurred a stampede. A strange monster seemed to be crawling away from the awninged entrance. It might have been a bee-hive in slow motion.

Standing on tip-toe, I managed to make out that the monster was Charles Boyer's car. In the car was Mr. Boyer. On the running boards, swarming over the roof, crowding the chauffeur from his seat, were women, girls, all sizes, ages, types, from red-lipped girls in their terrible teens to respectable matrons in their furious forties. They were, indeed, swarming like bees. And it wasn't even his preview. Something like a roar was going up from the composite throat of the fevered fans. One could make out that they were shouting, "Boyer! Boyer!"

A glimpse of Boyer's face showed that he was impressed. For the smile he was wearing was almost fatherly, very kind, grateful for their interest, slightly amused. It was a smile totally devoid of the smug look of the matinee idol who considers that he is getting no more than his just due.

This was not a new experience to anyone who has attended premieres, previews, stars' parties, stars' weddings, stars' funerals. Still, there did seem to be something extraordinarily rabid about this crowd which besieged Boyer. How does he take it? Has he become conceited about it? I wondered.

A few days later, Mr. Boyer received me in his portable dressing-room on the set of "Tovarich." He apologized because we had to talk there. He regretted that we could not have met at his home, had luncheon, cocktails. The dressing-room was so small, uncomfortable. He was so sorry. He was trying so hard to finish in "Tovarich," he went on. He was still making some retakes for "Conquest." He was eager to get away to join his wife who was then awaiting him in Paris.

In the adjoining portable, Claudette Colbert, who plays Boyer's wife, the role Marta Abba created in New York, was having her feet massaged. The soles of her feet. I know because I peeked. Claudette called out, "Hulloa! This is what comes of following in the footsteps of others. I've never done a picture before from a successful stage play. It's sort of frightening. Comparisons will be made. Very hard on the feet, or maybe it's just because I should wear orthopedic shoes, (*Continued on page 76*)



Ginger was indeed a distracted hostess one Christmas and, while her guests were amused, she was not. You probably wouldn't be either.



Warner Baxter, on the other hand, recalls a Yuletide that brought him his first real happiness after many years of heartbreak.

A XMAS THEY'LL NEVER FORGET

By DORA ALBERT

WHAT Christmas Day in your life stands out above all the others? Was it a Christmas when you were forlorn and in need, was it a glorious, joyful Christmas when, after a long absence, you were reunited with your family, or was it a Christmas when death's icy fingers clutched at someone you loved? Whatever memory stands out in your mind, there is probably some star who can match your experience.

The Christmas Warner Baxter will always remember occurred three years ago. Ever since he had begun to be successful in pictures, Warner had dreamed of the time when he would be able to build a house just exactly as he and his wife wanted it, and he had planned to have it done by Christmas, 1934. He told his wife and his mother that they would have dinner in their new home.

When he learned that the house couldn't possibly be completed by Christmas, he was heartbroken. Then he decided that regardless of whether the house was ready, they'd have their first dinner there that Christmas.

Though several rooms in the house hadn't been finished, and though there was no electricity, he saw to it that a huge fireplace was installed in the recreation room and that the kitchen was ready.

His mother, his wife and a few close friends were his guests at that dinner. He not only prepared the turkey, the cranberry sauce, the mince pie and sweet potatoes, but he also set a table before the roaring fireplace, lit the room with candles and served the meal himself.

With the candles burning brightly like gay promises for the future, Christmas came to that hearthside even more surely than if the house of dreams had been completed. For the guests relaxed, the informality of the occasion pleased them, and as Warner Baxter's eyes met those of his wife, a look of understanding flashed between them. Long ago, when Warner was a poor, struggling actor and they lived in cheap boarding-houses, where ugly designs made a monotonous pattern upon the wall, they had dreamed of a day like this.

"This was the happiest and most peaceful day of my life," Warner Baxter said. "I had my family around me. I had the home I had always dreamed of. I was happy in my work. What more could any man ask?"

Clark Gable's most significant Yuletide took place when he was only seven. It was



Clark Gable was only seven when he suffered his first big disillusionment, and no Christmas has been the same since.



Olivia De Havilland's most thrilling December 25th was a very puzzling one. She still gets a chuckle when she thinks of it.

then that he suffered his first big disillusionment.

Ever since he could remember, Santa Claus had been very real to him, and for days before Christmas he couldn't sleep, waiting for Santa Claus's visit.

Then came that eventful morning. He was prating on to their nextdoor neighbor about Santa's visit and what he expected Santa to bring him.

Not realizing how cruel he was being, the neighbor laughed at him. "I'm surprised that a big boy like you should actually believe in Santa Claus," he said. "There's no such person. It's just your parents who leave gifts for you."

When Clark, bewildered, came to his father, he could do nothing but admit the truth of their neighbor's statement.

"No Christmas was ever quite the same after that," Clark said.

There's one Christmas Ginger Rogers will always remember. It should have been a joyful one, for her mother had planned a party and dinner for eighteen people.

A few hours before the party, Mrs. Rogers became very sick. But she begged Ginger not to call it off, because she didn't want to disappoint so many people. When the guests arrived, Ginger tried to do her best, but the results were chaotic. As Ginger had been working hard at the studio, her mother had planned everything; Ginger might as well have been a guest, for all she knew of her plans. Mrs. Rogers was too sick to discuss any of the details of the party.

Worried about her mother, Ginger forgot to set up the place cards, and the guests had to scramble into whatever seats they could find. The flustered maid skipped one whole course and then served it after the coffee and dessert.

Ginger knew that a whole series of games with carefully selected prizes had been planned, but she didn't know what the games were. Desperately, she organized impromptu entertainment, but she couldn't find the prizes. She still has some of them, unearthed after her mother's recovery. The gifts for the guests were hopelessly mixed up with hilarious results. (One fragile blonde got a humidor.)

The entire time Ginger had to pretend to be happy and to enter into the spirit of the festivities, she was worried about her mother. Every few minutes she would rush frantically upstairs to see how she was feeling.

In a way, the party was a tremendous success, for the efforts of the distracted hostess were regarded as screamingly funny. But to Ginger Rogers, the whole thing was a ghastly nightmare.

Never will Ann Sothern forget one horrible holiday season before she entered pictures, when she was touring to join a road show in a small Nebraska town. Christmas Eve was spent on the train, absolutely alone, homesick and miserable.

She had never been in this particular town before and she didn't know a soul there, not even the members of her company.

On December 25th she fled from her cold hotel room and walked through the streets, peering in windows at the colorful Christmas trees, actually jealous of the happy, laughing groups on the streets. She had dinner alone in a small restaurant, where she refused to order the Christmas dinner (*Continued on page 65*)

There is a star who can match your most memorable Yuletide experience, be it happy or sad





Brian Donlevy knows that the way to get fans is to get the gal in the last reel! Above, with Tyrone Power and Alice Faye in "In Old Chicago."

Brian wants to be a good guy, but the movie moguls say "No"

MISCASTING THE MENACE

BY ROBERT McILWAINE

WHEN HEADACHES are in order for the men who solve picture problems, one of the biggest of the lot comes while casting "the menace" for those thousands of feet of celluloid and sound that go into the making of a movie.

It seems that most actors assigned to play the "heavy" feel that they are being grossly miscast. You see, while no man is a hero to his valet, every man is a hero in his heart. Also, an actor wants audience approbation, which will enable him to build up a following. The way to get fans is to get the gal in the last reel. If you don't win her, you don't read fan letters. You simply pass up the thrill of seeing, "Dear Mr. Glutz: You're so-oo won—der—ful!!"

Heading the list of that gentry who is lately foregoing a personal following, is Brian Donlevy. Not liking this one bit better than we, who sit in the theatre and, for forty cents, hiss the heck out of him as he kicks our favorite in the face, is this same Brian Donlevy. However, there was a time when things were happier and Mr. D. is prompt to recall them.

"You know, I came to Hollywood via the stage," he reminisced. "On Broadway, I played nice guys and was completely content in my work. Then, after some years, I landed *the* role in the type play that I had waited for. Perhaps you remember 'Three Cornered Moon'? After I did that, the movies came along and made such tempting offers that I accepted. Had I foreseen my fate as a 'menace' I'm afraid that wild horses couldn't have dragged me west of Hoboken."

Little do any of us realize what is in store for us and, least of all, Brian, for even as you read this, he is making "He Was Her Man" in London with Gracie Fields and Victor McLaglen. On his departure abroad, Donlevy didn't know whether he was still to be the menace or if he would get a break and a little sympathy for a change. With such a heavy hero as McLaglen, even a miscast menace must seem endowed with a few of the minor virtues.

But seriously, Mr. Donlevy likes pictures. He also likes acting in them. Besides this, he enjoys getting fan mail—lots of it. He realizes that it is one of the barometers which gauge a player's success. He used to get plenty of it; that is, until the Powers That Be insisted upon casting him as the meanest guy that ever came down the picture pike. Since he's been cinematically forced to beat the daylights out of a gent who's not only down, but also out, he has noticed a great falling off in his mail. It scares him. The public somehow fails to differentiate between the player and the role he is playing.

"Look at Lionel Stander," points out the worried Brian sorrowfully. "Since he played that skunky press agent in 'A Star is Born,' the poor fellow hasn't worked a day. And the scene that really *did* it was one he was called back to the studio to make, after (*Continued on page 71*)



BACHELOR BRIDE

Ann lives alone and loathes it. But she's got plans for the future!

BY JAMES REID

Ann Sothern and Hubby Roger Pryor have been apart so much that she sometimes wonders if he was even there for the wedding! But she keeps her chin up, does Annie, and looks forward to the day when things will be different.

I'LL SAY that the first year of married life is the hardest!"

Ann Sothern smiles, but her smile is a grimace of rebellion. From a large framed photograph across the room, Roger Pryor seems to be smiling approval. "No marriage ever had such a hectic first year as ours had.

"Roger and I went together for four years. During all that time, neither of us could see anyone else, figuratively speaking. Now, speaking literally, we can't see each other, except at brief intervals over periods of weeks, and then only after long airplane hops.

"Things started to be hectic the day we decided on marriage. I had a month's vacation ahead of me. And I was going to Chicago to make personal appearances. Roger and his orchestra were about to open at the College Inn in Chicago. But, before he opened, he had six days to spare. He flew out to see me.

"As he stepped off the plane, he said, 'Will you marry me?' I said, 'But this so sudden, after four years. I'll have to have time to think it over.'

"That was a Tuesday. Bright and early the next morning, we went down to see about a license. California makes you wait three days to get married. And it seems that the day you register doesn't count as one of the three. The clerk said we couldn't pick up our license Saturday. But we both had to be in Chicago Monday morning.

"I had always dreamed that I'd have a church wedding, be able to dress up, and look, and feel, like a bride. I wasn't going back on that dream now. We finally persuaded the clerk to make an exception, just this once, and let us have our license on Saturday, on our solemn promise not to use it Saturday. It took some doing to arrange a wedding between Saturday midnight and plane time. Especially a church wedding. But I had one, and I had a wedding gown. We were married at twelve-one Sunday morning.

"We had a three-week honeymoon. And, during that time, when I wasn't working, Roger was. Fine idea I had had, signing for those personal appearances to be near Roger! He closed at the Inn at three a. m. And at seven a. m. I had to start my day."

At the end of three weeks the personal appearances were over, but so was the chance for even a daily glimpse of each other. RKO-Radio summoned Mrs. Roger Pryor back to Hollywood to be Ann Sothern for a new picture.

She couldn't get east for Christmas, Roger couldn't get west. Both were chained to their work. And when each tried to telephone the other on Christmas Eve, the wires were so clogged with other long-distance calls that it was six a. m., December 25th, before one of them could get a call through. And by that time they were so worn out with waiting that they forgot half of what they had intended to say.

(*Continued on page 75*)

BY
GEORGE BENJAMIN

Walk if he can ride? Not clever Warren William! He'll just invent something

Warren works so hard inventing ways to save himself work that he can't find time to relax any more. Ideas come so fast, he can't even sleep nights.

He'd rather tinker than eat. His machine shop is so full of gadgets that it looks like something right out of a mechanic's nightmare. And you should see his bedroom!





THE GADGETEER

I ARRIVED at Warren William's beautiful, rambling, two-and-a-half acre estate in San Fernando Valley to investigate the strange case of Warren William. It has been whispered, confidentially, that he is a gadgeteer! Now, there are racketeers, a'plenty. There are pamphleteers. There are even muleteers. But a gadgeteer is something new. An inventor who specializes in gadgets.

Warren William doesn't invent gadgets to make money, however, but for the sole purpose of saving himself time. He has a philosophy of personal comfort and non-effort. If he can invent a device which will save him the lifting of his little finger that device is invented.

There is something new under the sun, a man with the William profile and the urge of an Edison and he is worth a little research.

Born in Aitkin, Minnesota, the young Warren longed, from childhood, to become a marine engineer. While his father longed, just as earnestly, for Warren to become a newspaper man. The war came along and, perversely, raised the flag of truce between father and son. For Warren went to war and was a soldier. And when the war was ended, reluctant to engage in further family combat, he did not go home at once, but remained in France, joined up with a theatrical troupe touring the army camps and became the white-haired boy of the soldier audiences.

If, Warren felt, he could win the war-crusted, pain-deadened hearts of the soldiers of the Allies, he should be able to win audiences, far more capable of pleasure. He came back to America, stopped off on Broadway, got Richard Dix's role in a road company of "I Love You" and, before very long, a Broadway chance in Rachel Crothers' "Expressing Willie."

So, the truest truth in the character of Warren William is what made an actor of him: his intense dislike of conflict of any kind, effort of any kind. He wants leisure. And a dash of Gandhi non-resistance. It was far easier just to be an actor than to engage with papa in further argument.

It was during his early days on the stage that Alexander Woollcott branded him for years. He wrote of Warren, "He has the Barrymore accent in his speech, and a Barrymore tone in his voice and he looks the very image of the young John Drew who played Petruchio." Thus, even after he came to Hollywood, signed with Warner Brothers, stamped his own image on many screens, the legend of the Barrymore profile stuck to him, took years to shake loose. Now, under long-term contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, one hears no more about it.

AND SO I arrived to beard a gadgeteer among his gadgets. At the gateway to the estate a telephone, on what appeared to be a flexible pulley, dangled within reach of the hand. One had only to call the house and the gates would open automatically, with- (*Continued on page 69*)

Look out, Mrs. William! The result of this wood-chopping session is apt to be a pair of roller skates for the dog, or something. You never know what Warren's going to think of next.

When this little number is completed, our Warren will be riding to the studio in a dressing-room on wheels, with every modern convenience, including a bar, twin beds and a kitchenette.







The problem of having two screen careers in a family of two won't break up the Gladys George - Leonard Penn marriage. The reason is unusual. Right, as Gladys appears in "Madame X" with John Beal.

WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HEART

Does he really love me? Haven't you ever asked yourself that? Gladys George knows how to find out

GLADYS GEORGE wears her heart on her sleeve. You bump into it, right off. She has none of the customary guile and wile of her sex. She said to her husband, not long ago, "You really love me, don't you? I've got to know." That's Gladys George. The real things she feels in her heart emerge. She did know, of course, but she had to be reassured.

She has none of the smug conceit which would make it unthinkable for the average charming woman to ask a man—let alone a husband—whether or not he loved her.

The average woman would lie like mad rather than let you think for one moment that there could be any doubt about her conquests. But not Gladys George. She has a bluntness which is brave. She doesn't consider that life owes her a living. She doesn't accept love passively, as her just due. She believes that you have to work for a living, give tenderness as well as thought to love.

She said, "Sure, I asked Leonard whether he really loves me, even though I think there are some things better left unsaid. Women talk too much and expect too much. But there are also times when you just have to take a sounding and know just what the depths measure. I'd be no good if I tried to be subtle and clever about my feelings. If I have any dusty little doubts in my mind, I just sweep 'em right out of there by talking about them. You might say that I use the broom of good strong, bristly words. I just ask what I want to know. That's the only way to find out—and, incidentally, my advice to you girls in doubt as to whether or not your beau or husband really loves you. For if a woman knows she is in a man's heart, snug and secure, nothing else matters.

"There has been all kinds of stuff written about whether

BY

MARTHA KERR

a woman's place is in the home or out in the world. Most of it has been pretty silly. A woman's place is in the heart of the man she loves! And if she knows that she is in his heart, it doesn't matter a tinker's damn whether she is in the home, in a circus, or in an office."

Gladys continued, "I was jealous. That's why I asked Leonard what I did." It occurred to her that here they were in Hollywood, both with screen careers. (Leonard Penn, you know, has been signed to a long-term contract with M-G-M following his work in "The Firefly.") Two screen careers in one little family of two takes some adjusting. Gladys, then, was jealous. Not of Leonard's career. She is one hundred per cent for that. It was what they both hoped might happen when, after "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," Gladys was a recognized success in movies. She has not a smither of professional jealousy.

Gladys George believes that you have to give tenderness as well as thought to keep love.

If Leonard's star should rise and her own star, now bright and high, should wane, it would be jake with Gladys.

She said, "I just think that every woman, if she tells the truth, will admit being jealous of other beautiful women. Women who, especially (*Continued on page 72*)

Smoothness is the



Remember Anne Shirley's scene in "Stella Dallas" concerning the artificial flower and the party dress? *There* was a tip in smoothness.



Carole Lombard has changed from a flashy blonde to a smooth, intriguing woman of the world. What started all this?

TO BE called "smooth"—that's the wistful dream of the modern Miss! Dazzling beauty, ravishing prettiness aren't nearly so desirable. Well, now, that's fine! For the achievement of smoothness is within the power of every girl, every woman. What does it mean, exactly? It has something of the meaning of the French word, *soignee*—well-groomed, smart, literally well-cared-for. But that doesn't quite cover it, for the word has a special, modern, American meaning all its own. When I hear it, I think of streamline cars, a quickness and aliveness which is typically American, a new sort of subtlety which the American girl is picking up with amazing rapidity.

The word originated, I imagine, on our college campuses, where so many words originate. It is applied to men as well as girls. When a Smith Junior says a Princeton Senior is smooth, she means, in part, that he dresses not too casually and always well, that he's a good dancer, but no professional dancing man, that he can hold his liquor like a gentleman, that he has good manners and, although he may be kinda casual about some things which would have shocked our grandmamas, he never steps over That Certain Line, and that his conversation isn't all wisecracks and amusing nonsense. In other words, the gent has a purpose in life and although he isn't tiresome and stuffy about it, he can be serious on occasion.

When the Princeton Senior says the Smith Junior is smooth, he means that she always looks like a million (and if she's dressing on a skimpy budget, all the more credit to her), and that her make-up is so well done that it doesn't inspire his friends to leer as they leave the grandstand, that her figure, of course, is good, that she has sparkle, zest, pep, that she's feminine to her fingertips and that, while she has her share of sex appeal (or he wouldn't be interested) she's no obvious siren who has the Cosmic Urge on her mind every minute of the time. She dances well, she talks well, she listens better. She's a companion as well as a snappy looking number to parade past the stag line. Which all goes to show what a far distance we've come since the days when the hot mama was the most desirable type of date.

A figure is the first requisite for smoothness. That's obvious. I can't go over the old, old story of sensible diet again, but here are some dietary tips which may be helpful to you. If you're only a little overweight, cut out soft breads, butter, all starchy vegetables and desserts and cream for one month. Note your improvement at the end of that time. Then go back gradually and sensibly to a little butter—half a pat on your green vegetables, a thin scraping of it on whole wheat toast. Go back later, gradually and sensibly, to the other fattening elements and cut them out again as soon as your mirror or the scales tell you that they're doing damage again. Go on the wagon—entirely—for a month.

Then, thereafter, reserve your occasional indulgence for real parties. Don't have a cocktail at luncheon or at five o'clock simply because your friends offer it or because it's around. Occasional party drinking doesn't hurt you nearly as much as one apparently harmless cocktail every afternoon. Married women, don't sit around having that friendly highball or two with the husband when he comes

Word for Beauty





Merle Oberon as a slant-eyed siren didn't get far, but as a lady, she's gone places. And Kay Francis (left) is the epitome of smoothness. Why?

home from work. It's pleasant, I know, but a bad idea for the figure.

If you're a little bit underweight, drink a glass of half milk and half cream every mid-morning or mid-afternoon. Lie down for half an hour after dinner. Occasionally, on evenings spent at home, sip a glass of ale, very slowly, an hour before you go to bed.

As I've said before, we all know good and well what to do to lose and gain weight. The only trouble is in doing it. If someone were only around to tell us! This old stuff about the green vegetables and lean meat and what-not sounds so dreary! True. Therefore, I'm going to include here and now a few diet recipes and ideas—some for the overweight, some for the underweight.

Overweights, did you ever think of going on a meatless diet for a month? Meat's getting so darned expensive anyway that we'll all have to join the vegetarians pretty soon. Eat plenty of vegetables and go in heavily for cabbage, which chases fat. And, say, did you ever eat cabbage soup? You think you wouldn't like it? I think you would. It's very tasty.

Take a head of cabbage, shred it as though for cole slaw, add some carrots (tiny ones whole, if you can get them), some onions cut in small pieces, a little minced garlic, if you care for it, seasoning, a can of tomato juice, two cans of clear beef broth, and let the whole works simmer for about an hour. A beaten egg thickens it and gives it more body, but leave out the egg if you're too, too plump.

Try cold beets with sour cream now and then as a salad —plenty of beets and very little (*Continued on page 78*)

BY MARY MARSHALL



Fernand Gravet returns to France each year so as not to lose that foreign flavor. You'll be seeing him in "Food for Scandal" with Carole Lombard.

An accent plays a big part in Monsieur Gravet's success, so he's protecting it

FASCINATING FRENCHMAN

BY MACK HUGHES

FERNAND GRAVET is so proud of his ancestry that he intends to remain French, no matter what! In fact, Gravet absolutely refuses to stay away from his native heath for more than twelve months at a time. Of course, it's easy to understand a man's getting homesick, but can you imagine a Frenchman who fears becoming Americanized to the extent of ducking back at least once a year to inhale a whiff or two of his favorite atmosphere? Not that Fernand doesn't like America, y'understand, but he likes France better, which is perhaps as it should be. And so, he's taking no chance on losing that intriguing accent you heard in "The King and the Chorus Girl."

This fascinating foreigner, by the way, satisfactorily explained the absence of this same accent during the moments he spends away from the camera.

"You see, when the World War broke out, my family happened to be in England," he said. "There we stayed for several years and I was educated in English schools. Naturally, I picked up the Oxford manner of speech. However, we are now back in France and I'm very glad. Not that we weren't happy in England, but, you see, returning to our native land, was like getting back from a long trip."

Speaking of war and its attendant confusion and excitement, Fernand had quite an experience while crossing the country en route to Hollywood recently.

"In Europe, the newspapers don't go so far with this war scare as the American press," explained Gravet. "On my way to California, I got off the train at Kansas City station to buy the papers and, to my amazement, saw startling headlines stating that England and France were about to declare war. Well, I have a mother in France, so naturally I was frightened at the consequences that would result from such a situation. Immediately I telephoned to friends in Paris to find out how much time there was to get my family out of the country. Imagine my surprise when they informed me that it was the first they had heard of any war news!

"I was immensely relieved, of course, and returned to the platform to get my train, (*Continued on page 68*)

THE TRUE LIFE STORY OF

GRETA GARBO



BY WILLIAM STEWART



Not much allure in evidence, here. Garbo was a schoolgirl when this was taken, too tall for her age and violently self-conscious. She preferred to be alone.



Something of her elusive charm began to show itself by the time Greta was sixteen, when she was a shopgirl who dreamed of being an actress.



The Swedish equivalent of a Mack Sennett Bathing Beauty! Greta Gustafsson got her first screen role in a comedy called "Peter, the Tramp!"



ON THE morning of September 18, 1906, in Stockholm, Sweden, there was born to Sven Gustafsson and his wife, a daughter who was christened Greta Louvisa, because the little mother thought it such a pretty name. The coming of the baby was an additional burden to the already burdened household. Sven Gustafsson was a poor man, alternating meager salaried jobs with timid, unsuccessful ventures into small businesses of his own. The baby, Greta, added another mouth to be fed, another body to be clothed to his little family that already numbered four: the mother, a son, Sven, and a daughter, Alva.

Number 32 Blekingegaten Street on the southside of Stockholm, was a drab house on a drab street in a district surrounded by dingy shops, markets and cheap theatres. The long Swedish winters only added to its bleakness, but it was on its slushy, snow-banked lanes that the young Greta formed her first impressions, toddling after her mother to market, or being pulled on a makeshift sled by her brother or sister.

Greta was a long, thin baby; even in the three or four years of her infancy she exhibited none of that chubbiness so often associated with milk-fed infants in advertisements. And maybe that was due to the noticeable shortage of milk in the Gustafsson household. She was a good baby, slow to learn to walk or talk, but obedient and easily cared for. During the years that her infancy lengthened out into long-legged childhood, nothing happened to her. Greta said about this part of her life: "I do not remember anything of my early childhood. Not even those little first gifts of dolls or colored wagons, which mark the beginning of our memories. Maybe it is because nothing happened to make such an impression." No color. No warmth. Only the drabness of Blekingegaten Street and the monotony of its doings.

At seven she was enrolled in school, the beginning of active unhappiness in her life. She was, by a head, taller than the other children in her class, which gave her the appearance of being older and "backward." Nor did the hand-me-down garments made over from her mother's wardrobe do anything toward dignifying her appearance.

In her immediate family circle however, Greta was always the gay one, the ringleader of the fun. She would regale them with funny stories and act out imitations of characters of the neighborhood with a telling mimicry that kept the little family in gales of laughter. But only with those dear and close to her was it possible for Greta to express herself, a fact which is still very evident in her personality today.

Greta adored her sister. Though Alva was older, she was smaller than Greta Louvisa and the latter constantly referred to her as "my little sister," babying and serving her. It was her chief delight to make up stories for Alva in their bleak, bedroom after they had been put to bed at night. All of the people of Greta's stories were rich and daring and most of them were actresses who played exciting command performances before crowned heads.

At fourteen Greta was as tall as she is today. Sensitiveness, in regard to her height, was almost a fetish with her. Because of it, she grew less inclined to mingle with young people of her own age. Of boys, she was terrified. Self-consciousness retarded her every mood and made her far more awkward than was natural. She grew to dread the walk to her school, darting frightened eyes along the way lest there be someone lurking to titter at her pronounced ungainliness.

They did not like her at school and because of that she uttered a philosophy to which she has clung in her consciousness ever since: "All I want is to be left alone."

Out of aloneness she made up the substance of her early teens. She read a great deal, particularly stories pertaining to actresses and their rôles. Coincidentally, in view of her later ideas, the personal lives of actresses did not interest her at all. The actress was the part, the part, the actress. Only of their glamor did Greta partake, the glory of their art. Perhaps that is why Greta has never understood why people are interested in her own private life, why they are not content just to know her as Garbo, the actress.

In the early Stockholm twilights she loved to slip out



Our Greta is wearing a chic little hat which she designed herself during her modelling days in a Stockholm department store. So fetching did she look that she was often asked to pose for advertising photographs and fashion films.

And here is the "little sister," Alva, whom Garbo so adored, and who died while Greta was in Hollywood seeking American approval. Her passing was one of many personal heartbreaks which came to Garbo during her early years as a film star.



and stand in the shadow of the Southside Theatre, near her home, and watch the actors arrive for the evening performances. Once, while at such an exciting vigil, she caught sight of Lars Hanson and his beautiful wife, Karin Holander, stars of the Royal Dramatic Theatre. Greta knew them immediately from their pictures in the papers. The great Lars! The glorious lady, his wife! Such proximity to greatness almost made her faint. Probably her thin, ungainly form would have completely slipped over had she realized that not so many years in the future this same great Hanson would be supporting *her* in an American-made picture, "The Divine Woman." On another occasion, she saw Victor Sjeastrom, the great matinee idol, with equally exciting reactions. (Seastrom, as he is known in America, has directed Greta.)

When she was fourteen, still a student in the district school, real tragedy first touched Greta's life. Her adored father died. She grieved so deeply that her thin, pale face grew more wan than ever, and for months the family feared for her health. It was only with the realization that the little family was left without a protector and on its own resources that Greta was able to pull herself together. Something must be done. Someone must do it. Though both her sister and brother were her seniors, Greta seemed to feel the responsibility to be entirely her own. "I am going to work," she said. "There will be no more school."

A Swedish correspondent records the information that Greta took a job as a barber's assistant, her particular task being to lather the faces of the gentlemen patrons with soap, while the barber sharpened and prepared his razors. This was followed by several temporary positions until finally she went to work in the hat department of the Bergstrom Department Store.

Her career began here one day. Greta did not seek out fame at first. It came for her, arriving in the unsuspecting person of the advertising manager. An important person, the advertising manager.

"Bring all the hats and come with me," he instructed, and led her across the street to a photographer's gallery.

Two days later the millinery department was agog with excitement. "Look in the papers! See all the pictures of Greta Gustafsson wearing the hats," one clerk told another. Word went through the store. Clerks, from other departments, drifted by to get a look at her. It seems her pictures, modeling the hats, had been used in a big advertisement featuring the store's millinery. It was Greta Gustafsson's first taste of fame and probably the only welcome one of her entire life, as later events proved.



Glamor begins to definitely creep into the situation in "Gosta Berling," the film which won the plaudits of Europe. Gerda Lundquist is shown with Garbo.



Svengali and his Trilby set sail. In other words, the late Mauritz Stiller brings Garbo to Hollywood, not that Hollywood, in those days, cared a hoot.

THE SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD Gustafsson girl had to content herself with that first flare of publicity however, for there were no more engagements to pose in the hats. But for the moment, it was sufficient. The little spurt of publicity died down. The business of selling hats went on for a while.

It was not until six months later that one Captain Ring, who made a business of making industrial or advertising films, contracted with the store for a film feature showing some of the new fashions modeled by girls in the store. Greta was called and posed in riding habits and other models, for the film was to be shown in various and sundry Stockholm theatres.

One day the inspired film was thrown on the screen just before the preview of a comedy directed by Eric Petschler, the Mack Sennett of Sweden. "Who is that girl?" asked Petschler. No one knew. "She has personality," he said. Greta Gustafsson so thoroughly impressed Petschler that he looked up Captain Ring through his advertising agency and obtained the name of the tall, blonde, good-looking girl, and her address.

One week later he called at her home, just as Greta arrived from the store, and offered her a chance in a series of bathing girl comedies he was about to put into production.

Greta's first picture was a rowdy, slap-stick affair called "Peter, the Tramp," and it was her part to romp about in the company of several other girls much in the fashion of a Sennett bathing beauty. As an acting part, it was nothing; but so sincere was Petschler's interest in what he termed the girl's unusual personality that he kept her as near the camera as possible, allowing her to share in close-ups with the star. She was getting a real break.

One valuable friendship she made was with Frans Enwall, former instructor at the Stockholm Dramatic Theatre. To him she confided her ambitions, and he, feeling a genuine interest in this frightened but eager young novice, arranged a test for Greta at that theatre. One month before her seventeenth birthday she passed that test.

"I shall never forget that awful agony of going out before them," Greta confided to a friend. "I have always suffered in the presence of strangers, and these strangers held my fate in their hands. I felt ill and weak in the knees. I thought I was going to faint when they called my name and I realized it was my turn to speak the lines I had learned for my test. Only the thought of my mother, sitting at home, tense with anxiety and love for me, made it possible for me to move. In a trance I stepped to the middle of the stage. I heard a voice saying familiar lines. It did not sound like my own. Somehow or other, I finished. But the effort had been too much. Once I was back in the wings, I fainted away."

Greta passed that test immediately, but she did not know this for three days. They were days of agony. She was sure she had failed. Otherwise they would have notified her! Even her family could not reassure her. She spent hours pacing the floor, sipping at cups of steaming coffee, waiting for the word that meant so much. When it finally came, her shattered nerves gave way completely and she cried as though her heart would break.



On your mark, Greta, the gun's about to go off! Garbo was told to pose for this publicity picture!

For two seasons, 1922-1923 and 1923-1924, she was a student in the theatre. She worked hard, putting her whole heart into it.

The shadows were far between in those days, the sunshine abounded at every turn. It burst forth in a flood when Greta was notified that she had been engaged as a student under contract, at a salary of forty dollars monthly.

There were courses in elocution, voice training, fencing and gymnastics. She played many parts. Hermione in "A Winter's Tale" and minor rôles in important plays.



Ricardo Cortez seems to be badly smitten in this scene from "The Torrent," Garbo's first American picture. Despite misgivings, she rocketed to fame.



Nothing light and gay about this love scene from "The Temptress." Antonio Moreno means business and La Belle seems to be taking him seriously.

The most outstanding of these was called, "The Invisible Man" in which she played a derelict not unlike her rôle in "Anna Christie." Her vocal teacher, Karl Mygren, declared that Greta's voice showed "a nice depth and resonance."

Mauritz Stiller came into Greta Garbo's life through the abruptness of a telegram. She had never seen the man, although his fame was renowned through the Swedish studios. Stiller was the Griffith of Swedish pictures and to this student at the dramatic school, a girl who had never seen him, he wired: "If interested in film work please interview me at ———," giving the address of his home. This was the Spring of 1923.

Of this meeting with the man who was to be such a tremendous influence in her life, Greta said, "It was so strange. When I arrived, he was not there. I waited, full of fear in the great shadowy hall of his fine house. At last he came in, he and his huge dog. I trembled. He watched me so strangely—though he did not appear to be very interested. He questioned me after the routine fashion. How old was I? What experience had I had besides the school? I answered to the best of my ability. I did not feel I impressed him, although he said at my departure, 'At the first opportunity I shall remember you.'."

It was in February, 1924, that Stiller once again communicated with Greta Gustafsson, as suddenly and unexpectedly as before. But this time, when Greta was ushered into the presence of the great Stiller, fear had left her. She was reconciled to the idea that fate was arranging the outcome. This great, shaggy, homely man was seated behind his desk and once more she felt the power of those analytical eyes on her, which seemed to be dissecting her very being.

"I think," he said at last, "that I do not like your name. It is too long." To anyone but this shy girl, that alone would have intimated the plans Stiller had in mind for her, but to Greta it was just another proof of his lack of interest. "From now on, we shall call you Greta Garbo. How do you like that name?"

She nodded her head mutely, hardly hearing the name he had bestowed upon her, a name that was to circle the world as a synonym of romance and glamor. Thus did Greta Gustafsson become Greta Garbo!

Stiller had arranged a test for her, although he did not confide even the barest details of what she was to do. Once on the set, with the cameras set up and ready to grind, he pointed to a bed in the corner and said, "Lie on the bed, you are desperately ill. You are close to death. Let me see you do this."

She was seized with an absurd desire to laugh. She, the meek, frightened, nobody, Greta Gustafsson, no "Garbo," was about to laugh at the great man, Mauritz Stiller. Flinging herself down on the bed, she gave way to her mirth, treating the direction as a joke. Suddenly Stiller was standing over her, those fierce, piercing eyes boring into her.

"Do you not know how it feels to be terribly ill?" he demanded sharply. "Do you not know what physical suffering is?"

Because she was frightened of this man who seemed to be so fierce, her giggles gave way to physical trembling. She was subdued and receptive to his mood. She could feel those eyes as she tossed about in "illness," for his test camera. Suddenly she knew the cameras had stopped and that Stiller had left the stage. Wearily she arose and began wiping the studio paint from her face.

IT WAS an assistant who informed her that she was cast by Stiller in his most ambitious picture, "Gosta Berling," to start within the week. At eighteen, Greta had taken the first step up the ladder that later was to lead to fame as no other film player ever enjoyed it.

"Gosta Berling" was the first inkling of what that fame was to be. Europe went quite mad over the new Stiller picture and the name of that strange girl, Greta Garbo, was on everyone's lips.

In the meantime, the great friendship between the girl and her director was growing. Those who knew Stiller well have no doubt but that the morose and difficult man knew a deep love for his protégée almost from his first meeting with her. To Greta, Stiller was the first important masculine influence in her life, and for this man who discovered her and made dreams come true, she had a reverential devotion. Whether or not it was considered a grande passion on her part, I do not know. In Greta's Hollywood home there is only one framed picture of a man. It is of Mauritz Stiller, and it rests on a small table in her bedroom.

Immediately following "Gosta Berling," Stiller signed to do a picture with a Russian-Turkish background, a



Oh, Mr. Hays! Garbo and the late John Gilbert were in love off the screen as well as on while "Flesh and the Devil" was being filmed, which explains the realism displayed in this little huddle.

There's no doubt about it, she's terrific! Even Conrad Nagel, a calm enough individual, went haywire over her in "The Mysterious Lady." She was plumper in those days, you'll note.

venture that proved to be disastrous—and found his company, consisting of Greta and Einar Hansson, stranded for the Christmas holidays in Constantinople. The picture was never finished. The backers were completely bankrupt and the sorry little troupe returned to Berlin. Here Greta accepted a rôle in a German-made picture called "The Street of Sorrow."

Stiller's fame had spread to the film industry of Hollywood and Louis B. Mayer saw promise in the man who had directed "Gosta Berling." He cabled Stiller to the effect that he wanted to contract him for American-made pictures. Of the girl, Greta Garbo, he said nothing. "At least not much" is the way Greta refers to Mayer's initial interest in her. But Stiller was insistent. If he came to America, Greta Garbo must be contracted, too. Mayer was not interested in Garbo, but he was vitally interested in Stiller. If these were Stiller's terms, well and good. The girl could probably be put on a small salary, a deal which eventually went through on the terms of four hundred dollars per week the first year, six hundred dollars the second and seven hundred and fifty dollars the third, if they retained her that long.

Their boat, "The Drottningholm," sailed from Gothenburg, Sweden, in the early hours of a foggy morning. Her mother, her beloved sister (whom she was never to see again) and her brother gathered together to bid her farewell.

Greta first saw the New York skyline by night. It

impressed her, yes, but it also terrified. There was something stupendous in its outline that was foreign and strange to her comprehension.

Newspaper reporters crowded about both Greta and Stiller. The chief interest of the press was centered in the director, however.

Stiller and Garbo did not immediately entrain for Hollywood. There were several affairs concerning their contracts to be taken up with the New York representatives of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. This caused a delay of a couple of months.

Finally all arrangements were completed and Stiller and his protégée departed for Hollywood.

When she finally arrived on the coast, Greta lived in an apartment not far from Hollywood Boulevard. Then she moved to the Miramar Hotel, a huge, rambling place overlooking the bluffs of Santa Monica where for the first time she began to believe something of the beauties of her new home.

For the most part she was free to walk along the sands of the beach, lonely, unknown, unhappy. Usually she lunched at some wayside stand on a glass of milk and a sandwich.

In the evenings Stiller always joined her and they dined at out-of-the-way tea rooms, talking over what information he brought with him from the studio. Then they would walk, or perhaps visit a picture show together. The same loneliness she had known in her childhood descended on her spirit and engulfed her.

AT LAST the exceedingly slow studio wheels got into motion. It was decided that Greta's first picture should not be under the direction of Stiller, but with Monta Bell. The picture was "The Torrent," originally slated for Aileen Pringle, but given to Greta as a test of her ability. It would prove her an actress or not.

sulate, Sven Hugo Borg, to act as interpreter so that the director might be able to tell the full meaning of her rôle. But this well-meaning attempt made the bewildered girl only more self-conscious. One thing it did, however, was to inspire Greta with a feverish desire to master the English language.

In due time "The Torrent" was released. Stiller and Greta attended the preview at a small house at Santa Monica. About her she could hear people whispering, "Who is this Garbo girl?" It pleased her, but for final praise, she awaited Stiller's word. "It is good," he said, and those three encouraging words were sufficient.

Her second picture, "The Temptress," was to be made with Stiller, as he had arranged. At the beginning it held limitless promise of happiness for them both. Before it was completed it had dealt tragedy.

The first blow fell two days after it went into production. Mauritz Stiller, unfortunately, had not yet mastered the American method of making pictures. Handling crowds gave him trouble, and his lack of English made every move difficult. Fred Niblo was put to work on the production!

Stiller was heartbroken, he was crushed, but even he did not suffer as Greta did. The story they had talked and planned over as their first American triumph together turned to ashes in their palms. For the first time in their close association, it was Greta who consoled and counseled Stiller, who listened. He was to take more time learning American methods, everything would come out all right.

Those who had the fortune to know Mauritz Stiller, in intimate friendship, say that he never drew a happy breath in America after that day. He did not fail. Later with telling success he was to direct "Hotel Imperial" with Pola Negri, "The Confessions of a Woman" and "Street of Sin" with Emil Jannings. But it was the beginning of the



Greta certainly got around, cinematically speaking. Nils Asther was the gent in "The Single Standard." He had a yacht and everything, to lure our heroine.



Greta in a cajoling mood. John Gilbert doesn't look as though he wanted to give in, either, in this scene from "A Woman of Affairs," one of her best pictures.

Greta was dismayed at this change in plans. Not to be directed by Stiller? To be thrown on what she believed to be the unfriendly guidance of a man perfectly strange to her, a man who did not speak her language, nor understand her abilities? She would have definitely rebelled if Stiller had not intervened. He advised her it was the best move to make.

"The Torrent" was a Spanish costume picture. It was begun in the fall of 1925 and it is hard to tell who had the most misgivings—Bell, the studio, or Garbo herself. The studio employed a young fellow from the Swedish con-

shattering of his spirit which, they say, brought him to a heart-broken death in Sweden a few years later.

THE SECOND disaster to occur during the filming of "The Temptress" was the death of Greta's sister. It was the crowning heartache of a picture that had been ill-fated for Greta since the starting crank of the camera. "My little sister," Greta said dully when the news was broken to her. "My dear little sister."

She turned to her work for solace. She was the first to arrive at the studio, the last to leave. She remained



A gal's best friend is her mother, or so they say, and evidently Garbo believes it! No one but Ma could command such a smile as the star flashes here.

on the set even after her scenes were finished for the day, watching the other actors, discussing next day's work with Fred Niblo.

Before the picture was out of the cutting-room the studio officials knew what a prize they had in Greta Garbo. Los Angeles went mad about her at the preview, as did every other place. It was arranged that she make a personal appearance at Loew's State Theatre during the run of the picture. It was explained to her that she was to wear evening clothes and take a bow from the stage. She did not like the idea and said so. Always she has fought for privacy. But they begged. She made her final stand: "I have nothing to wear." But they would remedy that. She should appear in the loveliest gown of the studio wardrobe. At last she consented.

So it was in borrowed finery that the girl—too awkward, too badly dressed to attract attention by her natural personality—met an American audience over the footlights for the first, and last, time and swept them off their feet in enthusiasm for Garbo.

"This I shall not do again," she told the publicity men driving back from the theatre.

FOLLOWING "The Temptress," Metro directors began to vie for Greta Garbo's services in their pictures. Clarence Brown was preparing work on "Flesh and the Devil" for the screen and he wanted Garbo for the rôle of the woman. The late John Gilbert was to be the male star, and Greta's old friend from Sweden, Lars Hanson, was to play the friend. With such a cast, Brown believed he had a super-picture.

"This picture needs Garbo," he insisted to studio officials. But at first they were not sure. Brown used every argument, and at last he was permitted to have his way.

John Gilbert was at that time monarch of the movie world. A dashing, restless personality, he was more like a high-strung boy than a grown man. He was warm, impulsive, outspoken and friendlier-than-a-pup. In short, he was everything Greta Garbo was not.

At first Gilbert had not known of Garbo's existence. When she arrived on the lot she was new, awkward, not pretty in the Hollywood sense, and aloof. But soon he began to notice her. "That lady is most attractive," Gilbert once laughingly remarked to a friend, "but cold."

When the announcement came that Gilbert and Garbo were to do a picture together, Hollywood was intrigued. "A study in combustible frigid air," one wag put it and the rest sat back waiting for the explosions. Naturally Gilbert would be attentive to her. Gilbert was attentive to all women. However, it was known that Greta discouraged all attention other than Stiller's, and it was expected that their (John's and Greta's) association in a picture would prove interesting.

"Flesh and the Devil" was begun, and in place of the temperamental explosions, the two strangely mated stars got off to an immediate and surprising friendship. Gilbert was not to be put off by Garbo's show of illusiveness or her evident desire for privacy. He talked to her continually. His laugh rang out joyously and boyishly as they talked between scenes. Always his manner towards Greta was flattering and attentive.

To the lonely and heartsick Garbo, who still grieved over the death of her sister, he was a tonic. He joked where she knew no jokes. He was color and life, where she knew only depth and suppression. Soon it began to be whispered about that Garbo was laughing with Gilbert, that Garbo was lunching with Gilbert at the studio café. At that time, she said of him, "John Gilbert is a wonderful man. It is fun to be around him." It was more than fun to her. Those who know Greta say that if Gilbert had not come into her life at this time, she would have forsaken her American screen career. He was the first spot of warmth in her life since she had left Sweden.

SOON IT began to be known that Gilbert was calling on Garbo at her seaside hotel. "But what of Stiller?" mused the gossips. That is a question that has never been fully answered. No one was close enough to any of the three to know except by their lips, and the trio was silent.

John Gilbert never made any secret of the fact that he was madly in love with Greta Garbo. What might have started as an interesting flirtation, developed into a grande passion on his part. To people who came to talk to him of himself, he talked of Garbo. "A divine woman," he said; "The most amazing woman I have ever known."

And Greta, was this love to her? Who knows? Certainly she went out of her way to please Gilbert, to entertain his friends, to try to become one of the gay circle his personality drew.

The girl who had been so timid, boldly took up a new mode of living, if not for his sake, at least at his side. For the first time she entered into social life as it is known in Hollywood. Gilbert and Garbo attended first nights. Gilbert and Garbo dined together in popular cafés. Their close friends were the late Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor. With Eleanor and King and Jack, Greta played tennis on Sundays and was proud when she made a good play. "Look," she would call to Gilbert. "That was a very good shot."

Once, at a football game, Greta, Gilbert, Lilyan and Eddie Lowe sat in front of me. Greta wore a magnificent sable coat and sat like an unthroned Queen on the rough wooden benches. She did not understand a move of what was going on in the field below. But she simulated interest. It began to rain. Gilbert did not notice. He cheered hoarsely until the last touchdown. Miserable, cold and wet, Greta said no word about leaving, merely attempted to cover her coat with sheets of the funny paper.

Greta began to resent the widespread insinuation that she did not dress well. To Lilyan Tashman, "the best dressed woman" in Hollywood, she appealed for help during shopping tours. It was not an unfamiliar sight to see

Garbo laughs as though she really means it in this recently taken photograph. Only those who know her intimately ever see Greta like this, but it proves she can be vivacious enough when she wants to be.

She walks alone and likes it. Living up to all those stories you read about Miss G., here she is, big as life, all done up in mannish tweed and set for a hike. This time it's in New York City on her latest return from Europe.





Lilyan and Garbo in the more exclusive shops on afternoons they were both free from the studio.

GRETA and John quarreled frequently. Clear sailing even for a little while would be impossible to natures so radically opposed as theirs. For the most part they were nothing more than sweetheart quarrels. They would part bitterly, vowing never to see each other again. Gilbert would stalk to his home, and ten minutes later he would be talking penitently to Garbo over the telephone.

Once a quarrel assumed more serious proportions. The Beverly Hills police were electrified one midnight when Gilbert, of his own accord, but obviously acting under great excitement, strode into the jail and asked to be locked up. One story has it that he was flourishing a revolver. He spent a floor-pacing night in jail and was released the next day. The studio did everything in its power to hush the incident but gossip leaked out.

The most accepted story, but never verified, was that Greta had been dining with Gilbert at his home when they launched forth on one of their numerous quarrels. Greta telephoned Stiller to come and get her. In spite of Gilbert's violent protests she left with the Swedish director. And with all the impulsiveness of which a nature like his is capable, "Gilbert did one of his crazy things." It was soon forgotten.

"Flesh and the Devil" was a tremendous box-office smash. Everything combined to make it so. First, the high voltage power of the combined names of the stars. Secondly, the buzzing gossip that linked their names in romance. Here was drama—and the world was starved. Every whisper concerning them was spread by newspapers and magazines. It was said that Gilbert and Garbo had eloped—at least as far as a Justice of the Peace—and then Greta had changed her mind and decided she did not want to be married. Every move they made was watched lest they steal a march on the wary reporters.

In place of a marriage she supplied them with another kind of a surprise. Greta broke relations with her studio.

The company had planned a picture for her called, "Women Love Diamonds." Greta read the script and found it wanting. She did not care to become identified with vamp rôles and this picture featured a decidedly sirenish character. She argued with the studio officials, striving to make them see her point of view, but they were insistent on the story. Finally after she had said all she could, she

merely rose and walked out! Here was the source of the famous "I tank I go home" story which has been so thoroughly circulated about her.

For seven months she was taken off salary. The loss of a weekly check did not matter a great deal to Garbo. She had always been rigidly economical, keeping a record of all expenditures in a little black book and carefully checking them at the end of each week. Even now Greta allows herself just so much for household expenses, clothes, medicines and incidentals.

When terms were eventually reached through Harry Edington, her agent, and the studio lawyer, Greta drew a gilt-edged contract that was a nine day wonder in Hollywood.

TRULY Greta was glad this war was at an end. She had been restless and now she was back at work. "The Divine Woman," based on the life of Sarah Bernhardt, was selected for her first picture under the new contract. To the Great Greta, who had been that timid, ambitious student, tip-toeing into classes at the Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm, worshipping at the shrine at Bernhardt, this opportunity to interpret her idol's story was a great thing. She read avidly of the life of Bernhardt to bring into the rôle the fiery interpretation she believed it called for. Her leading man was Lars Hanson who, with his reverence of the Divine Sarah, helped Garbo immensely. They both approached the picture with almost religious awe.

"Love," based on Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina," brought Gilbert and Garbo together in another screen appearance. Rumors of their romance flourished anew. The fans wanted more of the two as a team but the effulgence of the Garbo stardom was too bright. Each new picture increased her fame. There came "The Mysterious Lady." Then, "Wild Orchids" in which she was cast opposite her friend and countryman, Nils Asther. She also did "The Single Standard" with him. In her next, Greta was again with Gilbert—"A Woman of Affairs," which was adapted from Michael Arlen's famous "The Green Hat."

In the meantime, somewhere along the road, Mauritz Stiller had completed a Paramount contract, and although another was offered, he declined to accept and gave as his reason that he was returning to Sweden. Legend has it that America broke Stiller's heart. He was a Svengali without his Trilby. He returned to Sweden a dispirited man.

It was during the filming of "The Single Standard" that news of his death came to Hollywood and Greta. Garbo's grief for this man who had meant so much in her life was genuine and touching. Perhaps for the first time Greta realized what Stiller's complete loss meant to her. She said later when questioned about him, "Everything I have in life, I owe to Mauritz Stiller."

She grew lonesome for Sweden as her original mood again descended on her. Lonesome and homesick for her own people. "I must go back," she told the studio executives. "I cannot bear it if I do not go back."

IT WAS the desire of her proud studio to make her trip a testimony, and so a triumph of receptions were planned along the way. But Greta would have none of it. "I want to go back," she begged, "as I came." She even retraced her train route, disguising herself from recognition and keeping to herself.

Her boat eventually docked at Gothenburg, the same harbor from which Greta had departed. There was no chance for her to deny herself to the thousands of admirers who crowded the pier waiting for her. She did not want to. She waved to them—threw kisses. These were her people and she was home again. Straight away, Greta flew to the arms of her mother and with a police escort they fought their way to a taxi. Before they reached



"Take it from one who knows, kid." The late Marie Dressler gives a little advice to Garbo in "Anna Christie," Greta's first venture into the talkie field.



There's nothing like the country to breed romance! At least that's what Clark Gable hopes in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise." Greta seems to like it there, too!

their destination the taxi was practically wrecked by the wild enthusiasm of the crowd. Stockholm went mad!

Reporters from every Swedish paper secured lengthy statements from Greta, and she refused herself to none of them. After several days at her mother's house the mêlée and confusion of so much attention drove her to take an apartment at Karlhergsvagen No. 52, where she remained for the duration of her visit.

The first hour she was in the apartment the telephone rang sixty times, calls from her admirers who merely wanted to hear the voice of their idol.

Greta gave herself freely to the people of Stockholm. Nightly she dined in popular cafés and attended theatres. By day she visited the film studios, renewing old friendships, making new ones. For a few days she was the guest of Count and Countess Wachmeister, at Tistad Castle, south of Stockholm.

But the real purpose of her visit was to be with her mother. Often Greta would come up behind her and fold her arms about the woman she loves so deeply. "Now I am truly happy," she would say. The tenderest memory of her visit was when she and the little mother together went over the old family album showing pictures of the beloved sister and daughter, now gone, never to know the great fame that had come to Greta.

In America the rumors continued concerning that Gilbert-Garbo romance. It was said he was cabling Garbo daily. It was said he had heard of the attentions of a Swedish Prince to the lady of his heart and that he planned to go after her and bring her back his wife. But suddenly all rumors of Garbo and Gilbert were silenced for all time. John Gilbert was married to Ina Claire, in Las Vegas, Nevada.

On March 9, 1929, Greta Garbo once more embarked



Beware, she's dangerous! Men seldom dared make passes at "Mata Hari," though to look at her in this get-up made it pretty tough to keep distant.



from Gothenburg, tearing herself from the arms of her mother and began the return trip to Hollywood. They say that before she left she journeyed alone to the grave of Mauritz Stiller and there placed a wreath.

SHE RETURNED to Hollywood and began a silent picture, "The Kiss," under the direction of Jacques Feyder. Everyone wondered what Garbo's fate was to be. Garbo was the undisputed Queen of the silent screen, but the screen was no longer silent. The Chattertons and the Jolsons were arriving from Broadway and new thrones were being erected.

As always in the times of confusion and trouble, Garbo drew more deeply within herself. She did not return to the seaside hotel, but rented a modest bungalow in Beverly Hills. She became as aloof and immune as she was in the first days of her life in Hollywood. It is said that she and John Gilbert passed each other one day at the studio and did not speak.

Here is a statement Garbo is recorded to have made: "Love is not really dramatic. It is what is behind love and romance that gives us the greatest emotions. I don't know what the greatest emotion really is . . . I wonder. It can't be hate, for hate is not a decent feeling. One should not hate. I don't believe any great thing has ever been accomplished with hate as a theme. Perhaps sacrifice is the great emotion. It is a big part of love. I guess, after all, the greatest emotion we have is just life—life which includes all the emotions there are. Marriage? That is not for me. I shall never marry—anyone!"

And if Garbo feels just a little bit confused about the greatest emotion one can experience, she is most

And here is one of Garbo's favorite portrait studies. After taking a good look at it, we can't exactly blame her for liking it.



Together again, at Greta's request, Garbo and Gilbert in "Queen Christina." No longer was Gilbert a star, while she was Queen of the Screen.

certainly emphatic in her belief that she "will never marry —anyone!"

As Greta's professional fate began to hang dangerously in the balance, and "The Kiss" was released without stirring the attention usually accorded a Garbo picture, she went seriously to work to master the English language.

It had been said that perhaps Garbo would be able to weather the storm by continuing with silent pictures. Her popularity was so great she might accomplish this. But Greta, herself, knew which way the wind was blowing.

It was decided that her first talking picture should be "Anna Christie," the most important reason being that the character, Anna, spoke with a Swedish accent.

It was a momentous occasion—that first morning on the set. The doors had been closed against all intrusion. Clarence Brown paced restlessly back and forth. Marie Dressler sat in a corner mumbling her lines to herself. Even the "props" and "grips" were imbued with the solemnness of the occasion. It was like a death hush.

At last Greta arrived. She strode briskly onto the set followed by her maid. She seemed gay, almost amused. Whatever panic she felt failed to show through. With mock sadness, she gazed about her.

"What is the matter?" she asked cheerfully. "What is so sad?"

"We shall rehearse . . ." began Brown nervously.

"No," said Greta, "we shall not rehearse. If it is to be as bad as all this, we will do the scene immediately—and get the worst over with." She stood for a moment taking one last look at her lines. Then she pulled the shabby hat of Anna to a more rakish angle, stepped before the microphone and began to speak.

"Gimme a drink of whiskey—ginger ale on the side—and don't be stingy, baby!"

On and on she talked. The scene ran almost nine minutes, an unusually long "take." At the end, Clarence Brown stopped the cameras and called for a "play back."

Everyone waited as the scratching of the loud speaker overhead presaged the coming of the "wax" or temporary check-up record of the scene. Then came the deep, vibrant Garbo voice in its first recording!

Brown smiled, a smile of mingled relief and elation. All over the set, electricians, prop boys, cameramen and script clerks looked at each other, faces beaming.

Garbo could talk! And how!

"Anna Christie" broke all records. It proved beyond a doubt that this lonely girl was still the Queen of the screen —talking or silent. Another star, another type of woman might have accepted this triumph as the signal to rightly take her place as the leading figure of the films.

But Greta remained a woman secluded. She became a woman of legend and conjecture, and so great was the demand for any bit of information concerning her, that she became the victim of a most relentless pursuit by the press.

Greta learned to fear to step out of her own front door. For two days she paced the floor madly, while a deliberate and cool photographer on the other side of the street set up his camera and trained it on her house. Often she would look from her window to behold a slinking figure of a reporter hidden behind a bush or a tree. It angered Greta. In fact, these reportorial tactics did much toward defeating their own purpose. Garbo looked on these journalists as molesting spies attempting to bully her into press interviews. She complained to the studio that the methods which reporters took were underhanded and shoddy.

Garbo's second talking picture, "Romance," adapted from the successful stage play of Doris Keane's, was started at the studio. It, too, was a dialect picture, this time the accent being Italian. "Will I never be able to speak English?" Greta asked in mock despair.

But she really loved the story of "Romance." It brought her back again to the world of illusion and grandeur, which is really the most suitable background for her personality. Greta liked the power and sweep of the rôle of "Anna Christie," but she feels her true medium is one farther removed from grim reality. Perhaps it is because Greta, herself, has from childhood worshipped at the shrine of all that is glamorous and romantic in the drama.

AFTER "Romance," Greta made "Inspiration," "Susan Lenox—Her Fall and Rise," "Mata Hari" and "Grand Hotel," in quick succession. Of this group, "Mata Hari," was the



"You're beautiful!" George Brent tells Greta in "The Painted Veil," and evidently he meant it, because he's laid siege to her heart off-screen ever since!



One of the few light moments in "Anna Karenina," with Garbo, Basil Rathbone and Freddie Bartholomew. You can bet Mr. R. is up to no good.



only picture to have any real bearing on her personal life. She met Ramon Novarro, who played opposite her in the picture, and who, during the course of its filming, became her very close friend. There was no hint of romance between them, despite the fact that Novarro sent her flowers every day, lunched with her and dined with her. Their friendship flourished, however, and she continued to see much of him even while she was making "Grand Hotel."

When "Grand Hotel" was completed, Greta returned for a second visit to her beloved Sweden. Novarro happened to know that he would be in New York just at the time she was due to stop over in the city, prior to sailing. Could they meet? He wanted to know. Where would she be stopping? Greta smiled her enigmatic smile, but she would not divulge, even to her friend, where she intended to stay while in New York, nor the day she actually expected to arrive. One afternoon, however, a box of roses arrived for Novarro at his hotel suite. There was a card, bearing two initials . . . M.H., and a telephone number. Nothing more.

He was mystified at first, until suddenly he remembered that in "Mata Hari" the same kind of roses had been used. The initials explained themselves. Greta was in town! She wanted him to telephone her! The incident was typical of Garbo, characteristic of her desire for privacy.

While abroad, Greta was not idle. Her greatest ambition had always been to bring to the screen one of the world's most colorful women . . . Queen Christina of Sweden. She did research in Swedish museums and libraries and when at last she set sail for America once more, she brought with her a vast wealth of historical material. Two years had elapsed since she had done a picture, when plans were made for the filming of "Queen Christina." The studio had imported an Englishman to play opposite her. But Garbo had other ideas.

She simply said, "Bring me John Gilbert."

It was no second flaring of a dead romance, this gesture, but rather one of supreme confidence, of complete affection and accord on Garbo's part. Gilbert was no longer at the pinnacle of his career, no longer a dazzling star. People had

A truly poignant moment from "Camille," with Bob Taylor doing all right as Armand. Between scenes, he clowned on the set and Garbo actually enjoyed it, believe it or not!



Looks like bad news from home or something, in this scene from "Conquest," with Charles Boyer reading over Greta's shoulder. This is Garbo's most recent picture.

laughed at his first talkie, had already relegated him to a past era. But Garbo remembered him as he had been in their first triumph together and believed that he could again scale those heights.

SHE KNEW how much it would mean to his screen career to be in this picture with her and, throughout its entire filming, she saw to it that he got every break. And as they worked together, day after day, as they looked into each other's eyes, as they laughed and loved and wept before the grinding camera, it was apparently, strictly, play-acting, yet surely, deep within the heart of each, the embers of that love they'd once shared, still must have glowed.

When Gilbert died so tragically, however, there was no linking of Garbo's name with his own, no reference to her in any way. Whatever personal grief she may have suffered, whatever tribute she might have offered to his memory, no one will ever know.

Garbo's next picture, following "Queen Christina," was "The Painted Veil." George Brent played opposite her. A tall, blue-eyed Irishman, George, with a slightly crooked smile and a very small-boy air about him. No one could have been more of a contrast to John Gilbert, and, for that reason perhaps, no one had a better chance to captivate Greta's romantic fancy. Once again, she was known to laugh, to be seen in public, to attend social gatherings. And always with Brent as her escort.

They drove together and walked together and Brent was known to dine often at her home, but there was no talk of marriage. Obviously, with Garbo, her career came first. After completing "Anna Karenina," with Fredric March, she again went to Sweden for a holiday and while she was gone rumors ran rampant about mysterious romances in her own land. She returned to Hollywood, however, with no explanations. But it was a new Garbo who arrived in New York. She posed for photographers and laughed and joked with reporters, thereby completely flooring the press!

She carried this same jovial mood onto the set for "Camille." She liked Robert Taylor instantly. He was young and fresh and the first actor who very definitely wasn't awed by her, or frightened by her reputation. He broke all traditions by clowning on the set and she seemed to enjoy it. When Bob brought his portable victrola on the sound stage and started playing racy ditties, Garbo asked, "May I come over and listen?" And she did.

She also went on location with Bob for the first time in her career. Up until that time, she absolutely refused to budge from the lot no matter what kind of scenery the script demanded.

Outside of the studio, George Brent was evidently still her only romantic interest and then, quite suddenly, that was terminated by his elopement with Constance Worth. At least, terminated temporarily. The marriage lasted only a few weeks and almost immediately after its break-up, Brent again began his siege of the Silent One's heart. What the future will hold for this attachment, or for any other which may come into Garbo's life, only time will tell.

DESPITE HER success and the fact that she makes one of the largest salaries paid a star, Garbo hasn't an easy life. She works for her money. Once it is in her pocket book, however, she is willing to let the studio whistle for her. Before each picture goes into production she visits dress designer Adrian, and has long conferences with him. He sketches her costumes and she approves them. She rarely opposes his judgment because she realizes she herself has little style sense.

She never meets anyone in the cast before she goes into scenes with them. Nor does she throw fits of temperament on the set. She saves those for the big producers, where it counts. Woody Van Dyke, the director, shocked her when she first met him. He called her "Honey" and "Babe."

"Stand over there, Babe," he told her, when they got ready to shoot the first scene. Garbo looked at him in amazement and then she smiled. After a little, she even liked it! When she steps on a set, she knows her lines perfectly. No one has ever seen her studying a script. If she rehearses at all, it is for the benefit of the other players and she has never been known to try to steal a scene. If there is any choice, she will invariably give another player the break.



All dressed up for an evening at the Troc! This is what the candid camera boys got, after lurking in the bushes for days—well, hours, anyway.

Garbo rarely spends money. After "Queen Christina" was finished, she gave everyone in the cast a bottle of Scotch and everyone was surprised. That was the only time, before or since, that she passed out gifts, although it is a custom in the Hollywood studios.

Her most recent picture is "Conquest," in which she plays with Charles Boyer. Mr. Boyer found her gracious and charming to work with, a beautiful and fascinating personality. The girl who was born in an humble home in Stockholm, who lathered customers in a barber shop, modelled hats and came to Hollywood a poor, shy creature who feared her own shadow, is gone. At least outwardly so. In her place is a woman of the world, cultured, famous, wealthy.

But is she happy? No one knows. Garbo will not say. Always, there is the suggestion of tragedy about her, a sort of wistfulness that is apparent even when she smiles. There are highlights and depths to her life story that will ever remain a mystery, for no one is sufficiently close to Garbo to know the emotion she has buried. Intimate friends have remained intimate only as long as they have remained discreet. The instant they flaunted their friendship with Greta, the association was terminated. She is still aloof, unpredictable. Perhaps it is because her soul can never really be free of that awkward, unhappy and timid child, who was the Greta Gustafsson of Stockholm, Sweden.



A lovely portrait of a lovely lady. Garbo, as she is today, poised, charming, but for all that, still aloof and as unpredictable as the winds.

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Puts into skin the substance that helps to make it beautiful

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(left) Mrs. Bailey skeet shooting at her home in Tuxedo Park. (center) Leaving the Plaza after luncheon.

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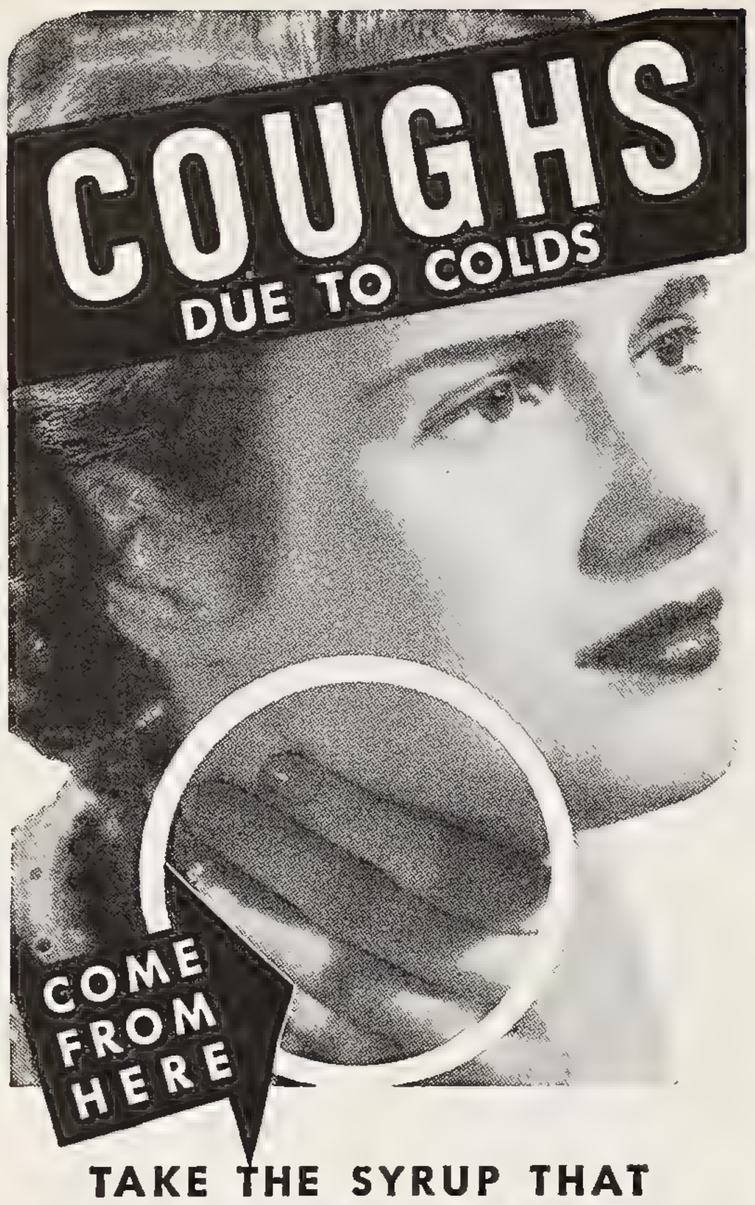
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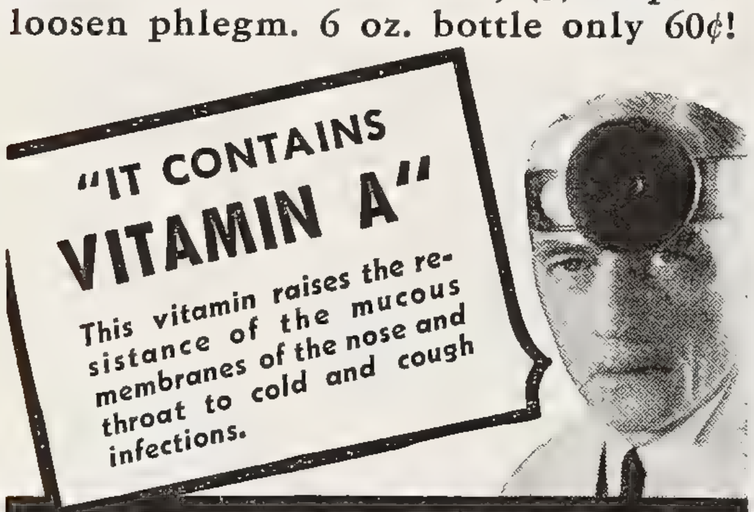
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Reviews

(*Continued from page 11*)

★★ Forty-Five Fathers

You'll have a hard time finding a show in town that can beat this for pure, wholesome fun. It's Jane Withers at her best—and even if Jane Withers in any form doesn't appeal to you, you'll find the laughs stacking up on you, anyhow. And the plot, though a completely goofy one about a little girl who is adopted by forty-five elderly gentlemen, is still the kind that holds your interest. The most entertaining episodes can be chalked up to the credit of the Hartmans, Mr. and Mrs., who are a dance team of no small merit, and good comedians to boot. They are also ventriloquists, which leads to an original and highly diverting climax, when the two voice-throwers show up the crooks in a courtroom trial.

In the cast, and giving good performances, are Thomas Beck and Louise Henry, as the romantic interests, and Richard Carle as the unfortunate "first father," who adopts the busy-body, Jane. From the time she sets foot in her new home things start popping, and though Jane gets herself and everyone else in hot water, it all works out for the best—of course.

Worthy of special mention for some high spots in the picture are the doings of Sammy Cohen and George Givot, in the respective roles of Jane's dancing and singing teachers. In short, this has enough good scenes in it to recommend it. Directed by James Tinling.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★ Merry-Go-Round of 1938

In its straight vaudeville moments, this is a joy to behold, because it allows Bert Lahr and Jimmy Savo to indulge in some of their favorite tricks. Each of these stage favorites has tried the films before, but the results were so negligible that this can really be called their official screen debut.

The story is one of those things, concerning the love of an aristocratic young man (John King) for an orphaned daughter of Broadway (Joy Hodges). The young lady has been brought up by a vaudeville quartette, Bert Lahr, Jimmy Savo, Billy House and Mischa Auer, and the picture's plot has to do with the efforts of her guardians to break down the resistance of the young man's mother (Alice Brady).

Joy Hodges has a personality, excellent limbs (legs), and a good singing voice. In other words, she has a future. Mischa Auer furnishes much of the comedy in the role of a fake Swami, but Billy House, the fourth member of the quartette, may as well have remained back on Broadway. Directed by Irving Cummings—*Universal.*

★★ Lancer Spy

Just when you think spy pictures are about as old-fashioned as gangster epics, out comes a pretty good film which has everything to excite and interest a movie audience. The garrulous Gregory Ratoff, in his directorial debut, manages to keep his story plausible and his pace absorbing.

Story, with a World War background, is based on the resemblance between a captured German officer and a British naval lieutenant. The lieutenant spends weeks in a jail cell secretly observing his prototype, then "escapes" with the German's orderly, and makes his way to Berlin, where he hopes to learn Prussia's plans for a drive on Paris. In Berlin he is made a national hero, but the secret police suspect him and keep constant watch on him. Further complications are added when a night club dancer, who is also a German spy, falls in love with him.

Acting honors go to George Sanders, who plays his dual part with finesse and conviction. In his first leading role, Sanders promises a fine screen career. Dolores Del Rio, always pleasant to look upon, does well in the role of the dancer, and there are expert portrayals by Peter Lorre, Joseph Schildkraut, Sig Rumann, Maurice Moscovich and Lionel Atwill. Directed by Gregory Ratoff.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★ Breakfast for Two

Frank Capra should never have made "It Happened One Night." True enough, it was a joy and a delight the first few times we saw it, but the public—and the poor reviewers—have been paying heavily for that pleasure ever since. What we mean to say is that "Breakfast For Two" is the 3,948th version of the Capra success, and while imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, it can certainly be carried too far.

Story has to do with the ne'er-do-well owner of a shipping line (Herbert Marshall), who winds up an all-night spree with a strange gal who turns out to be a wealthy young lady from Texas (Barbara Stanwyck). The young lady, bent on reforming her new friend, buys out his shipping business and eventually makes a man of him.

Herbert Marshall looks pained throughout the film, undoubtedly having read the script, which called for him to be slapped in the face with a layer cake and submit to several other slapstick indignities. Barbara Stanwyck does well with what the picture offers her and succeeds in appearing very attractive in spite of the above proceedings. Eric Blore plays his familiar butler role, and Glenda Farrell does a small part as a gold-digging blonde. Best in the cast are Etienne Girardot, Donald Meek and an unbilled dog. Directed by Alfred Santell.—*RKO-Radio.*

★ 52nd Street

This lavish production misses the mark all around and turns out to be an unhappy hodge-podge of mediocre musical comedy with a dull and sentimental story which fails to hold the works together. Starting back in the days when 52nd Street was society's stronghold, the gradual changes in the street are depicted—through the days of prohibition, speakeasies and its final return to "respectability."

Snobbiest of the 52nd St. snobs is Dorothy Peterson, who with her sister, Zasu Pitts, sticks to the family brownstone through the years. She has ruined Zasu's life, having forbidden her to fulfill her stage ambitions Then she breaks the heart of her brother (Ian Hunter) by refusing to recognize his show-girl wife, Marla Shelton. Nor will she have anything to do with their daughter, Pat Paterson, who also finds the lure of the footlights more exciting than the prospects of being a lady. Bolstering up the story is a succession of song-and-dance entertainments. Directed by Harold Young.—*Walter Wanger.*

There's Glamor in Glitter

(Continued from page 8)

themselves in placing accents of brilliancy not only on evening gowns, but also on formal afternoon frocks or on the accessories to be worn with them.

Betty Jaynes and Lynne Carver, two of Hollywood's younger starlets, knew when to stop when they selected the gowns they show you on the opening pages of this article—Lynne's for afternoon and Betty's for evening formal wear. You will see at once what I mean when you note that while they glitter, they do it in a quiet way, so that their personalities and beauty are not overpowered by the brightness of their costumes.

Green mirrored ornaments decorate the blouse of the black crêpe dress, shown on Lynne Carver, whom you saw in "Madame X." This is the perfect type of dressy afternoon frock, which can be worn to luncheon, and on through the cocktail and dinner hours. The criss-cross treatment of the high neck is interesting, as is the shirring at the center front of the skirt, bringing all of the fullness forward, to descend in a panel of loose drapery down the front in Grecian style. The bodice of the dress is closely fitted, corselet fashion. Her pencil-slim skirt is quite short, for we are going to be wearing them thataway for quite a while yet. The small black velvet turban has a flattering veil trim, another style feature which spells allure. The bright ornament on the side carries out the glitter effect of the dress. Black accessories—a smart zipper, suede envelope purse, suede shoes and gloves—complete the ensemble. The touches of brilliance on this frock are toned down, being confined to the blouse only. Also, Lynne wears no jewelry with this costume, the mirrored ornaments doing a very satisfactory job of providing just enough flash without being flashy.

Betty Jaynes is still in her teens, but doesn't she look grown-up and sophisticated in her long dinner gown? Betty is a comparatively recent arrival in Hollywood, having enjoyed the distinction of being the youngest prima donna ever to star in Grand Opera, when she astounded music-lovers last winter in Chicago by the beauty of her voice. She has a seven-year movie contract, so you'll be seeing lots of her. Among the gowns she has chosen for her first Hollywood season is the black wool crêpe dinner dress, embroidered with silver leaves, which she models for you.

ALTHOUGH black with silver brocade might be too much for a young girl to carry, the clever lines of this dress keep it from being too sophisticated, too "old" for our Betty. The youthful, shawl-like drapery at the shoulders forms quaint little-girl sleeves and continues across the neck to be tied in a fetching knot at the center. The fullness of the skirt is pulled back to form a small train, thus giving the much-desired sheath-like silhouette across the hips, and fashionable willowy slenderness to the lines of the skirt. An important style note in this dress is seen in the fact that wool crêpe, formerly a purely sports or utilitarian fabric, is now being used for formal gowns, dressed up by luxurious embroidery.

Betty's accessories with this costume are very simple. Her shoes, which you can't see because of the length of her gown, are black strap slippers, cut out at the toes and trimmed with silver. She carries a simple pouch bag of white brocade shot with silver, and wears a silver fox cape. But don't let the silver fox frighten you, for a cute "chunky" coat of white lapin would be just as appropriate and becoming.

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Apply Jergens even once! Immediately it starts to heal chapping, smooth out roughness. Do you want silken, tea-rose hands to hold a man's heart for life? Then use Jergens faithfully. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—or $1.00 for the special economy size of this fragrant lotion—at any beauty counter.

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IF YOU'RE nursing a cold—*see a doctor!* Curing a cold is the doctor's business. But the doctor himself will tell you that a regular movement of the bowels will help to shorten the duration of a cold. Remember, also, that it will do much to make you *less susceptible* to colds.

So keep your bowels open! And when Nature needs help—use Ex-Lax! Because of its thorough and effective action, Ex-Lax helps keep the body free of intestinal wastes. And because it is so gentle in action, Ex-Lax will *not* shock your eliminative system.

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THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

"My little girl had a bad cough. Results from Foley's wonderful. Cough gone. Chest clear. She's busy playing again." — Mrs. Harold Steinbach, Michigan City, Indiana.

Mommy, I've Quit Coughing *ALREADY!*



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BETWEEN YOU

$5.00 Prize Letter

Taylor—A National Laugh?

I have been thoroughly disgusted with the way M-G-M has and is allowing everyone to humiliate Robert Taylor. I think it is ridiculous that the poor man can't even go on a vacation without having such unpleasant experiences. I think that shows poor protection on the part of his studio. They're always hollering about not being able to get desirable leading men. Is it any wonder?

If I had a hand in piloting the career of Taylor, I certainly would soft-pedal the "Beautiful Bob" stuff in a hurry. And as for hiring girls to hide in his cabin before he sailed for Europe! Well, to call that shoddy is an understatement!

No doubt, Bob appreciates the applause and praise for his work by the public, but at the same time he, too, would like to come and go as he pleases without being trampled underfoot by a wild mob at every turn of the road. It is a shame to see such a well deserved favorite as Robert Taylor turned into a laughing stock. He has talent, and if he would only land a he-man role where he can show his ability, we would get a different—and the right—viewpoint of him.—Guy Stanton Ford, Minneapolis, Minn.

$2.00 Prize Poem

A Guess Whosit

There's a blonde and sprightly starlet on the shadow stage today,
Who is busy going places in a sure and certain way.
From her first attempt in talkies to her last breathtaking hit,
There's no singing star who's like her, even just a little bit.
She's improved so unbelievably in looks and screen technique,
We are sure she's irrevocably on top of the movie heap.

Once I thought her only asset was a sweetly throbbing voice
And I doubted George White's judgment when he made her leading choice;
But today her varied talents leave us no more room for doubt
That this clever little actress knows just what it's all about,
For she copped a role in pictures once assigned the Plat-num Jean,
Female lead "In Old Chicago," yearned for by each movie queen.

When her screen plays are presented, full of dancing, singing fun,
I would rather lose my pay check than to miss the poorest one.
Though I'm sure you must have guessed it, I had better tell the name
Of this most attractive player whom you know by face and fame,
Tuneful singer, nimble dancer, up-and-comer, here to stay,
The delightful, lithe and lovely, one and only Alice Faye.
—Elizabeth Hantzman, Alexandria, Va.



Cheap studio publicity tends to make a national laugh out of Bob Taylor, instead of a national hero, says one fan.

$2.00 Prize Letter

What Say, Managers?

Due to lack of funds, school terms in several communities hereabouts were cut considerably, so that the children had extra long vacations. I don't know what we harried mothers would have done without the movies. They were the ideal place to send restless boys and girls, when inactivity began to pall on them. Picture houses were clean, cool, safe, and the movies this summer seemed especially excellent, far above the usual output. There were a number of return showings of such fine productions as "The Good Earth," "The Lost Horizon" and "Romeo and Juliet."

The biggest handicap was always having the money necessary for a large family of children, most of whom had to pay adult prices. I suggested to our favorite movie house manager that there be issued a special holiday season pass for school children. Really, these young people are Hollywood's most enthusiastic and loyal supporters, and often through their insistence the whole family group goes to the movies.

Children's ages for paying adult prices are usually set at twelve years. If this were raised to fifteen or sixteen, I believe a larger, more regular attendance of youngsters would increase theatre receipts considerably, and would educate the children into millions of loyal adult fans.—Mrs. G. M. Jackson, Ludlow, Ky.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Questions Without Answers

The following questions have been puzzling me for a long time.

1. Why is it that lovely young heroines always have fathers but seldom mothers?
2. Why are the fathers of these lovely young things always senile men with one foot in the grave?
3. Don't movie folk ever start to raise families until they are over fifty? If not, why not?
4. How many people in real life do this?

'n' me

Our special Christmas offer brings your cash prize to you before the holidays

**WRITE A LETTER—
WIN A PRIZE**

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism.

Special Christmas offer: Seein' as how the gift-buying season is just a couple of weeks off—and a bit of extra money is not to be sneered at—we'll send out cash prizes to the lucky winners by December 18th. So, have your letters here by the 15th.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, $5; 2 second prizes of $2 each; 6 prizes of $1 each. Address: Between You and Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.



"Why are the heroine's Mama and Papa always middle-aged" is the question that's bothering an Ohio Miss.

It's rare and you know it—'cept in films.

I'm a mother of a sweet young thing in her twenties and I'm not only not dead, but I have no gray hair, no false teeth, weigh under a hundred pounds, look and feel young! Her dad is no bewhiskered grandpa, either. He is along around the age of Warner Baxter and Buck Jones. We're average people! Gosh, give us something more like real life!—Helen Heide, Springfield, Ohio.

$1.00 Prize Letter

A Just Complaint

Please allow me to use your forum to give vent to an angered opinion of a very nasty and uncalled for remark in the script of "Between Two Women." I mean the scene in which Virginia Bruce, portraying an heiress wife of a doctor, calls Maureen O'Sullivan, playing the role of a graduate nurse, "a glorified chambermaid."

Were Miss Bruce, the script writers, producers or any of the clan in need of medical care, they would welcome the care and experienced services of a registered nurse, whom they so casually call a chambermaid. It has taken years of hard work and untold patience for those in charge of hospitals to elevate nursing to its present high standard. Even the type girl Miss Bruce portrayed would hardly stoop so low as to utter a remark about a character so far above her.

I believe the producers of "Between Two

(*Continued on page* 80)



Lovely is the word for Merle Oberon as she studies her lines for "The Divorce of Lady X," between takes on the set. She looks as though she might have stepped right out of an old-fashioned Valentine, doesn't she?

Lady Lillian

Introduces

NEW BEAUTY

With the new smart creme polish in her introductory kit for only 10 cents. Revel in the glamour of the fashion-right shades of Rose, Rust and Tawny Red. Kit contains a bottle of nail polish, polish remover, nail white, manicure stick and cotton—all for 10 cents. Lady Lillian's Introductory Kit is on sale at 5 and 10 cent stores. Approved by Good Housekeeping.



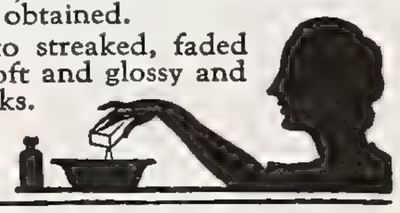
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For single generous trial bottle send this ad and 3¢ stamp to LADY LILLIAN, Dept. M-8, 1140 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Specify shade you prefer.

The Best **GRAY HAIR Remedy is Made at Home**

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.





Many Men and Women Now say

STUART'S Laxative COMPOUND

—the vegetable and mineral laxative often helps to

QUICKLY CLEAR THE SKIN

of the aggravated conditions due to improper elimination from the intestinal tract.

Would you like to clear your skin of embarrassing, exaggerated eruptions that may be aggravated by improper elimination from the digestive tract? Attention from the inside is often needed to do this. Anything less may prove ineffective. If your skin isn't cleared up remarkably and looking far better after using Stuart's Laxative Compound for a short while, your money will be refunded. Buy a package at your druggist today. Or, if you prefer, send for

FREE SAMPLE

Simply write your name and address on a penny post card and send to—
F. A. Stuart Co., Box H-109, Marshall, Michigan

Prove by test how gentle and efficient these tablets often are to help clear the skin of this type of embarrassing, aggravated eruptions.

STUART'S LAXATIVE COMPOUND

Robin Hood Throws a Party

(*Continued from page 27*)

party. "We was sittin' talkin' the other day. And Errol says, 'Sailor,' he says, 'I'd like to get acquainted with the boys. I don't know most of 'em. Bring 'em over to the house, and we'll start 'em off with a headache,' he says. So when we got through work today, we took a bath and here we are.

"Some stars throw you a party when the picture's over. Errol, he's the only one that throws it first. He don't want to be no star. And again, he don't do it to be a good fella, see what I mean? He don't go 'round slappin' people on the back, and then when they leave, call 'em bum. He does it because he likes to be friends with the boys and have fun. He likes to laugh. Damn if I ever see such a guy for laughin'."

"What's he blathering about?" inquires Flynn, coming up behind us. "Did he tell you he was champion boxer of the Navy? Did he tell you he's been fired more times than he's been on his back in the ring?"

"Errol," stage-whispers Sailor, "what about them carrots?" Errol wheels and disappears into the house. A few minutes later a procession issues forth. Sheffield and a Japanese boy bear laden trays. Behind them stalks Flynn, a lordly salver poised on the fingers of his right hand, on the salver two carrots. Left hand at his hip, he changes his rhythm and swings, a là Salome, toward one of his guests. Dropping his head demurely, he presents the carrots.

"Thanks, slave," says the guest, picks up the carrots and starts crunching.

"Gentlemen," calls Flynn. "Three cheers for the company horse."

"He ain't no horse," Sailor whispers kindly in the midst of the uproar. "Only a vegetarian." The garden is full of talk and laughter. A slim, dark-eyed girl slips through the door and stands watching the scene for a moment before she's spotted.

"What ho! Damita!" calls Flynn. But Sailor gets there before him, arm gallantly crooked. "Boys!" he booms proudly. "Errol's Missus!"

LILI'S clear laugh rings out as she spies the carrots. "Did Fleen put a joke on you? When Fleen puts a joke on me, I geeve it right back to heem. Like this. You pair-meet?" Eyes dancing, she takes a bit of carrot from the vegetarian and offers it to Fleen. He nibbles at it gravely from the palm of her hand, then lifts his head and nickers. Wild applause. Damita's struck a homer, first crack. She's in.

"Fleen darling," begs Lili. "Show them Sheff and the captain."

"Well," Errol complies, "I must first explain that Sheff is a landlubber and gets seasick on the boat, which fills the old skipper with disgust. So he takes every chance he can get to show Sheff up. Now here's the captain, bringing the boat along the wharf. Sheff's standing in the bow."

"Dual role impersonated by Muscleman Flynn," someone announces.

Muscleman Flynn bows, then cups his hands round his mouth. "Hi, there! Take a line! Get a line ashore!"

Now he's Sheffield, shoulders hunched, standing miserably in the bow. He turns his head. "Line?" he quavers.

"Don't you know a line when you see one?" he bellows as the captain.

"Not so loud," giggles Lili. But by now Flynn is immersed in his art. A nimble step this way or that turns him from Sheff to the captain, and back again.

"Oh, you mean this thing," says Sheff. He stoops and picks it up gingerly between two fingers, lips curled in distaste.

"It's a rope," shouts the captain, "not a bloomin' caterpillar. Throw it ashore."

With the silly movement of a girl throwing a ball, Sheff casts the rope. It drops into the water. Flinging up his arms, he lurches this way and that and comes to rest with a thud on the deck. The captain strides past him. "Want a lollypop?" he snorts.

"Fleen, you're making it up!" squeals Lili.

"And here's Sheff getting his own back on the skipper when he comes to the house."

He shuffles in, twiddling his hat brim between his fingers, a straight old man, self-respecting, a little stiff, a little uneasy in alien surroundings.

Enter Sheff, looking down his nose. He speaks with his lips pursed. "Mr. Flynn is in the garden. You may put your cap there."

The captain lays his hat warily on a chair, and starts out. Sheff's eyes dart downward. "Perhaps you'd better wipe your feet," he suggests impersonally.

"Fleen! Sheff would never be so rude." protests Lili, into the gale of mirth that sweeps the audience.

As darkness falls, lights gleam from within the house.

"Mrs. Flynn, do you mind if we turn on the radio? There's a program some of the boys would like to hear."

"But, of course. I like to hear it, too." She leads the way in, surrounded by boys. A dozen hands move to get her a chair, but she plumps herself down on the floor, laughing, "Here I sit best."

AT the other end of the lamplit living-room someone strums "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody," on the piano. They start humming it. There is a gradual drift from the canned to the living music. One by one the masculine voices join and swell in the song. Sailor nudges Flynn. "Sing, Errol." The others take it up. "Sing, Errol." Obediently, he lifts up his voice

At last they've had enough. Or so Sailor thinks. Sailor doesn't believe in hints. "Time to go home, boys."

"A stirrup cup in the garden," suggests Flynn. They troop out into the garden, filled now with the chirp of crickets. The moon sails overhead. They lift their glasses. "To Robin Hood. And Mrs Robin Hood."

"And all of you," amends Flynn, his arm round his wife, tiny and childish-looking beside his tall figure. "Thank you. Goodnight. We've had a lovely time." It's the formula of well-mannered children. This is no crowd of Hollywood sophisticates, but a group of simple men whose mothers taught them long ago how to take leave of their hosts.

Damita and Flynn trail with them through the living-room and out to the front door. Motors start, purr, drive away into darkness. Flynn drops a kiss on his wife's head. "Tired, darling?"

"Oh, no. They are such grand boys." Her eyes turn mischievous. "I theenk I go weeth you to location, Fleen." From far away, its rollicking note undimmed by distance, a singing voice floats back. The two on the lighted threshold break into laughter as they go in, closing the door behind them.

A Xmas They'll Never Forget

(*Continued from page 33*)

because she wasn't up to the travesty of a Christmas feast. That night she cried herself to sleep.

CHRISTMAS, 1934, when Jane Withers got her first big break, was the happiest and most eventful one in her young life. She and her mother had been in Hollywood for a year and a half, and were making no headway. Jane worked as a model in a department store, entertained at newsboys' dinners, appeared over the radio and played extra parts in sixteen pictures, but the big break they had been waiting for never seemed to come. Finally, Jane got a chance to appear with Shirley Temple in "Bright Eyes," but the picture hadn't been previewed yet, and she and her mother weren't any too hopeful. They remembered how once before they had written their friends to watch Jane's acting in "Handle With Care," only to discover after the picture was released that Jane's bit had been cut.

Mr. Withers kept urging them to come home, and they agreed to come back for Christmas. Jane's contract with the Los Angeles radio station would be over by then, and there would be nothing to hold them in Hollywood.

Though Jane looked forward to seeing her father and grandmother, she and her mother hated to come home to Atlanta defeated and discouraged, for they had once been so sure that Jane would get somewhere in pictures.

At the preview of "Bright Eyes" in December, the preview audience went wild about Jane. There was no longer any doubt about her future, and Jane signed a long-term contract, a few days before the twenty-fifth. Over the phone, Mrs. Withers, her voice glowing with happiness, told her husband what had happened, and persuaded him to fly to Hollywood.

That Christmas it wasn't a defeated family that met in Atlanta, Georgia, but a happy one, rejoicing in Jane's good fortune, that met in Hollywood. Jane's father arrived in time for Jane's broadcast, and was present at the farewell party given for her by the radio station. He discovered how many real friends Jane made in Hollywood; and he was happy to see that even though the family had been separated and Jane hadn't had her father to discipline her, her mother had seen to it that she remained unspoiled.

Claudette Colbert believes she will never have so memorable a Christmas as was hers in 1935, for she was married during the Yuletide season to Dr. Joel Pressman.

"We had known each other for some time," she said, "but we didn't discuss the possibility of marriage until a few weeks before the wedding took place. I had a short vacation and Christmas seemed an appropriate time, so we were married. I shall always think of Christmas, 1935, as the beginning of the happiest part of my life."

Marlene Dietrich remembers most vividly December of 1934 when her husband, Rudolph Sieber, and her daughter, Maria, were reunited after a separation lasting several months. Maria was eight years old at the time and had written Santa Claus that she wanted a doll house and a whole doll family.

Marlene, who had been sick with longing for her daughter all those months, asked nothing more of life than to make Maria's holiday a happy one.

It required a special trip for Santa to respond to Maria's letter. The doll house

Is Your Skin Treatment LUCKY FOR YOU?



VOTE HERE		
SOAP AND WATER	YES	NO
ASTRIN-GENTS	YES	NO
VANISHING CREAMS	YES	NO
STEAMING	YES	NO
TONICS	YES	NO

IF YOUR PRESENT METHOD LEAVES YOU WITH BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, DRY SKIN, THEN IT'S TIME TO SWITCH TO A PENETRATING FACE CREAM!

Let me ask you a perfectly frank question. What results do you *expect* from your way of skin cleansing, and do you get them?

First, you expect a *clear, fresh* skin, don't you? If your skin seems to have a dingy cast, or if blackheads grow in the corners of your skin, your cleansing method has simply failed to remove dirt hidden in your pores.

Then too, you'd like to have a *soft* skin. But how does your face feel when you smile or talk? Does it seem dry; does it feel a little tight? If it does then your treatment is *not* re-supplying your skin with essential oils that help give it a soft, baby-like texture.

And of course you want a *smooth* skin. But if, when you pass your fingertips over your face, you feel tiny little bumps, then you cannot say your skin is smooth. Those little bumps often come from specks of waxy dirt which your cleansing method has failed to dislodge from your pores.

So let's be honest with ourselves. If you are not getting the results you pay your good money to get, then your skin treatment is not lucky for you.

How a Penetrating Cream Works

Women who use Lady Esther Face Cream are amazed at the improvement in their skin, even after a few applications. That's because this cream *penetrates* the dirt that clogs the pores.

Lady Esther Face Cream loosens blackheads, floats out the stubborn dirt that laughs at your surface cleanser.

At the same time, this cream re-supplies your skin with a fine oil to help keep it soft and smooth.

Try, Don't *Buy*

I do not want you to buy my cream to prove what I say. I want you to see what it will do for your skin, at my expense. So I simply ask that you let me send you a trial supply of my Face Cream *free and postpaid*. I want you to see and feel—at my expense—how your complexion responds to this new kind of penetrating cream.

I'll also send you all ten shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free, so you can see which is your most flattering color—see how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Mail me the coupon today.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*)

Lady Esther, 7110 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me by return mail your seven-day supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also ten shades of your Face Powder.

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(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.*) (38)



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UNLESS REMOVED ROOT* & ALL

● Home paring methods make corns come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever. Don't take that chance. Use the Blue-Jay method that removes corns completely by lifting out the corn Root and All in 3 short days (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Easy to use, Blue-Jay is a modern, scientific corn plaster. Try this Blue-Jay method now.

FREE OFFER: We will be glad to send one Blue-Jay absolutely free to anyone who has a corn to prove that it ends pain instantly, removes the corn completely. Just send your name and address to Bauer & Black, Dept. 15-J, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. Act quickly before this trial offer expires. Write today.

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* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

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LIGHT BROWN to BLACK

Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy as penciling your eyebrows in your own home; not greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. $1.35 for sale everywhere. Dept. M-Jan.-38

Write for FREE SAMPLE. State original color of hair.

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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR



Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Frank Griffin, step out for a little night life during one of hubby's visits to the coast. He does all the commuting now that Irene has a young daughter to look after.

was a twelve-room affair, so large that Maria herself could enter it to cook meals on a real electric stove, clean the floors with a miniature vacuum cleaner, and fill small closets with complete outfits of clothing for her dolls.

Parents seem to feel pretty much the same, even when they're parents by adoption. More than anything else, Wallace Beery had looked forward to becoming a father some day. But years passed, and he had no children. When other parents celebrated Christmas with their children. he couldn't help feeling a pang. Finally he realized that there was very little chance that he'd ever have a child of his own. His only hope was to adopt one.

When Beery heard that his wife's aunt had died, leaving little fifteen-months-old Carol Anne, motherless, he adopted her,

His happiest Yuletide came when she was three years old, for it was the first one that she was old enough to appreciate. For days Wally went on shopping sprees. He bought all kinds of toys and dolls. The big goof didn't even know which toys were right for a girl of three, and he bought some she wouldn't be able to use for years. Then he sat back and watched her play.

He counted himself hardboiled, but the tears almost came to his eyes as he watched her. He knew that a great thing had happened to him—the greatest that can happen to any human being. He was no longer denied the privilege of fatherhood.

After that when things went wrong, he just sat back and laughed. Through one bad investment after another, he lost the comfortable fortune he'd piled up through the years. One day a reporter came to see him to find out how he felt about losing all that money. Wally just laughed and called Carol Anne over. He asked her to sing, and she sang a few notes off key. He asked her to laugh and she laughed. He fed her candy.

Then he said, "You know, that kid's nuts about me. And she's mine—all mine. Who in h—— says I'm unlucky?"

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND says her most memorable Christmas was a most bewildering one. She doesn't remember how old she was, but she was just a tiny child. She and her mother and sister were at Pebble Beach. They arrived on December 25th in a pouring rain and found their tree and presents and Christmas fixings all ready for them. Even though it was raining they had a grand time, for Olivia, born in Japan and raised in California, had never known a white Christmas, so she really didn't miss snow.

But the incident that made this particular one stand out was amusing. They got up in the morning and looked out over the Pacific and saw hundreds of seals lying on the rocks. With a laugh, Olivia's mother pointed to them and said, "Look, girls, Christmas seals!"

For a long time she puzzled over it, and because she was so puzzled, remembered it. To this day, whenever she sticks a Christmas seal on a package, she thinks of the Christmas seals at Pebble Beach.

Olympe Bradna's dark brown eyes glowed as she said, "The Christmas I'll never forget came when I was six years old. To understand it, you have to know that I always loved fairy tales. I was always dreaming of having dolls dressed like the princes and princesses in the fairy tales. This particular time I got three dolls, one dressed like a prince, another like a princess, and still a third doll dressed like a page boy, to hold the train of the princess."

"How nice," I said to Olympe, "but how did your parents know?"

She smiled tenderly. "Don't parents always know what their children want?"

Anne Shirley's happiest Christmas came when she was eight. When Anne was an infant, her father died, and left her and her mother unprovided for. Their life was a constant struggle against grueling poverty, with Mrs. Shirley working as chambermaid, elevator operator, housekeeper—anything to keep them from starving.

Santa, somehow, always passed her by. It was on her eighth birthday that he came for the first time.

"All my life," she told me, "I had wanted a doll's carriage, a real-honest-to-goodness doll's carriage made of brown wicker. And Santa brought it to me. The top of the carriage was adjustable and it had real glass windows in it, exactly like real baby carriages. And it was brown and the right kind of wicker. I actually cried with joy when Mother said it was for me."

DOUGLAS FOWLEY, whom you see playing gangster roles, has an unusual Christmas to look back upon. It was during the depressing year 1929 when, broke and out of a job for three months, penniless and hungry, he lived in the slums of New York. He had sunk lower and lower, until he seemed no different from the other down-and-outers who infested the Bowery, eager for a hand-out. He even ate with the bums and hobos at the Hobo Mission in the Bowery run by Mr. Zero, a famous philanthropist, who would feed anyone who was hungry.

This Christmas Mr. Zero asked if any of the men could entertain at their Christmas dinner, and Douglas offered to sing.

To these unkempt, discouraged men he sang "Jesu Bambino" and as he sang, his mind went back to another Christmas when he'd sung this very same song with the famous opera singer, Giovanni Martinelli. He was thirteen then and head of the boys' choir of the St. Francis Xavier Church in New York. How proud he'd been then of the distinction he had won! And the quiet, respectable churchgoing people had been impressed by the boy's clear young voice leading the choir.

But they hadn't needed that song or any song as these men yearned for something to awaken them from the lethargy, the hopelessness into which they had fallen. Somehow he must lead their thoughts away from the bleakness of their present situation. He sang as he never had before. When he began "Onward Christian Soldiers," the discouraged men joined in.

To Douglas Fowley that was the grandest day of his life.

The Christmas which Jeanette MacDonald recalls most readily was the first one after her father died. She and her mother were in Chicago, where Jeanette was appearing on the stage.

"I remember," she said, "that we were both downcast most of the day, even though we tried to be gay. As we were in a strange city, we had our dinner in a restaurant. I ordered a ham sandwich. Mother ordered a turkey sandwich. We both pretended to enjoy our food, but we barely touched it. That day stands out, because all my others have been so joyous."

Don Ameche's happiest Christmas was that of 1936. Don said, "It was the first time in all my life when I could get just exactly the gifts I wanted to give every member of our big family. I had bought the ranch in the San Fernando Valley near Hollywood for my mother and father. All my brothers and sisters, my wife and my two babies—all of us gathered at the ranch for the holidays and did we have one grand time! We had a big tree—lots of fun trimming it—presents for everyone, the big yule log in the fireplace. It was our first family reunion in years. Well, I can't recall any happier Christmas than that in my whole life."

A Lady in Love

(*Continued from page 25*)

wood.

"But," she leaned forward, "what I did last was the most interesting. I borrowed the oldest clothes, and on the hot nights I walked in the slums on the East Side. I walked by myself and sat on the stoops with the poor young girls. I sat right with them. I talked with them and became one of them. Now I know how they feel, how they act. I can go back to Hollywood hearing their voices, remembering their lives, and I hope that someday I can return it all to them.

"The taxi drivers!" She jumped up again. "They are the nicest. I talk to them. And they talk to me. They are the most colorful people in New York.

"Oh, there is so much I want to do. I want to go to the children's courts. No child is bad. I want to know why they are sent away to reformatories. I want to know everything. I want to see everything. This is New York to me. I told that to Clifford," she said. "He has been here his entire life. He was brought up on the East Side. They think he influences me. He doesn't. He holds me back."

I couldn't believe that. Somehow it seemed a case of my lady protesting too much. There had been so many references to Mr. Odets.

First, our luncheon date. "What will you say," she asked over the telephone, "if I tell you I cannot have lunch with you? My husband, he wants me to meet him and some friends. It is very important."

Later, when we did meet, and after she had said in that cordial continental way of hers, "Take off your hat. Let me see how your hair looks."

And I had remarked the length of her own hair, now hanging to her shoulders.

And she had said, "I'm letting it grow. Cliff wants it so."

Or pointing to the photographs of herself on the bookcase. "You must excuse all those pictures of me. This is my husband's apartment."

Sometimes she refers to him as Cliff, sometimes Clifford, often just Odets, but always his name creeps into the conversation.

His new play. "It's wonderful. 'Golden Boy' is the title. It is about a boxer, but it is more than that. It is very deep."

And "I must tell you what happened in Connecticut. If you don't believe me, ask Odets!"

What happened was very interesting.

A LITTLE boy heard I was there. He came to the door and inquired if I really lived in that house. When the maid told him 'Yes' he walked away. The next morning on the beach he came up to me. 'Are you Luise Rainer?' he asked. When I told him I was, he moaned, and fell into a dead faint." She stopped, dramatically. "I took him in my arms. After he came to, I said, 'Look, look at me. I am like your mother. I am like your sister. I am no different.' From then until I left, he sat everyday quietly by my side.

"But you see, that's the effect of Hollywood. They don't want you to be like anyone's mother or sister. They want you to be something that makes people faint! I don't want that. I'd rather play the part of a slavey in one of those fine Russian pictures than be a star in something that is a waste of time. I feel I have so much to give. Here they won't let me give it. I don't want to be in pictures people see



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THE Modern Mother knows how important it is to use the proper medication *at the proper time*. That's why she uses *specialized* medication for different stages and types of colds—medication that's specially designed to attack the distressing symptoms right *where* they attack you—*when* they attack you.



At the first warning sneeze, sniffle, or irritation in the nose—quick!—put a few drops of Vicks VA-TRO-NOL up each nostril.

VA-TRO-NOL is *specialized* medication for the nose and upper throat, where 3 out of 4 colds start. Used in time, it helps to *prevent* many colds—or to throw off head colds in their early stages.

Clears Stuffed-Up Heads. Even when your head is all clogged up from a cold, Va-tro-nol brings comforting relief. It clears away clogging mucus, reduces swollen membranes, and helps to keep the sinuses open. It lets you *breathe* again. And Va-tro-nol is so easy to use—at home or at work. Keep it handy—use it *early*.



If first signs have been neglected—or a cold strikes without warning—use Vicks VAPORUB, the safe, *external* treatment. No "dosing"—no risk of stomach upsets. Best of all, no long waiting for relief to begin. For VAPORUB attacks the distressing symptoms *direct*—right where you feel them.

Simply massage VapoRub on throat, chest, *and back* at bedtime. Almost before you finish rubbing, it goes to work *direct* through the skin like a poultice. At the same time, its medicated vapors, released by the warmth of the body, are carried *direct* to the irritated air passages with every breath.

This double action loosens phlegm—relieves irritation and coughing—helps break local congestion. And long after restful sleep comes, VapoRub keeps right on working. Often, by morning the worst of the cold is over.

Proved in Clinical Tests Among 17,353 People

Both Va-tro-nol and VapoRub have been *doubly proved* for you—by everyday use in millions of homes, and by one of the largest clinical tests ever made on colds. For details see folder—"Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds"—which comes in each Vicks package.

VICKS

VA-TRO-NOL	VAPORUB
Used at the first warning sneeze or sniffle	Just rubbed on the throat, chest, and back
Helps PREVENT many colds	Helps END a cold sooner



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because they haven't anything else to do. I want to show them something worth while. I don't want to be a star! That's why I want to leave the screen and go back to the stage."

"Then you're not happy?" I asked.

"I am very unhappy," she answered.

"But I thought things would be different," I said, recalling our last conversation, one year before, in Hollywood. "You hadn't won the Academy Award then, you hadn't married Clifford Odets."

Just mentioning his name made her face shine, as if a light had been focussed upon it. "He, he is wonderful. We are like sweethearts, not husband and wife."

Her voice grew tense. "Hollywood is the same. I get the same salary as when I first came there. I have two and a half more years with my contract. I have no choice of pictures, nothing to say about anything. I go back now and do not even know what part they give me to play.

"It is like prison, Hollywood. It makes me think of the books I've read about Siberia where they thought up a terrible punishment. The worst prisoners are forced to pour buckets of water into a river. They spend their lives this way, pouring water into a flowing river, there is no end, no purpose. That is what Hollywood is to me. It is all so useless, so futile." Her voice trembled. I thought she was going to cry. She controlled herself and went on.

"They do not understand me. Not any of them. They call me 'the shrewdest girl in Hollywood.' That is because I am honest with them. I go to them and I say, 'Listen, I think you are the best motion picture company in the world, but I do not want to make motion pictures. I want to go back to the stage. I promise I won't work for any other company. I give you my word. Just let me go back. So they offer me a lot of money with a new contract for seven and a half years. When I refuse they say, 'Rainer, she is the shrewdest girl in Hollywood.' They think I refuse because I want still more money. But it is the seven years. I'd rather stay two and a half years at my old salary. But it seems so long, such a waste. If I leave, if I go on strike, if I go back anyway to the stage, they can stop me by law.

"Sometimes I like the work. I liked 'The Good Earth,' but not 'The Emperor's Candlesticks.' When I wanted to be dramatic, play the one good scene in the whole picture, they said, 'Smile, you look better that way.' My last 'The Big City' is all right, but my best scenes are cut out with a scissors. What good to do work if they cut it away?

"And they fight with me. They want me to do a gangster picture. I refuse. For every week I refuse to work they add a new week to the two and a half years, just like a prison, a Siberia.

"I have given up my California house. I don't want any feeling of permanence in Hollywood. Between pictures I will fly East to join Clifford. While in Hollywood I will live in one big hotel room. That will help me forget the two and a half years. It will make me feel like I am leaving any minute. That is the way I want to feel."

"Maybe your husband could help straighten out those contract problems," I suggested.

"Oh, no." She shook her head. "Clifford is too busy to bother about me."

The sentence was a revelation. It plainly showed who was the star in her family. The name, Odets. And it reminded me of another actress-playwright combination, Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur. Helen Hayes tip-toeing around a large apartment, whispering in an awed voice, "This is Charlie's study." Charlie likes this . . . Charlie likes that, a worshipping chant throughout her conversation.

And I watched Luise Rainer, who appeared absurdly schoolgirlish in her simple Navy blue serge, tailored blouse and skirt, whose face had a kind of glow about it, about the eyes and the tremulous mouth. I remembered Helen Hayes who had that same look. They are both, I thought, women in love, terribly in love. They both really give. So I stared at Luise Rainer as long as I politely could, stared in the hope that I, too, could carry away a memory, that of a beautiful, little, live face. For a woman in love is a lovely thing to see.

Fascinating Frenchman

(*Continued from page 42*)

only to find it had gone. My wife and all my baggage was on that train. Worst of all, my wife speaks no English and couldn't get along without me! Finally, the station men decided that we could take a little car that is propelled along by pushing up and down on a handle bar effect. It was freezing cold and, with nothing but a medium weight coat and plenty of nervous energy, we started out. Luck was with us, for the train was delayed for an hour about forty miles out, and so we caught up with it.

"This experience taught me never to rely on what I read in the papers. In fact, nothing short of the rumble of guns could make me believe a war was on again."

IN answer to our query as to why some French stars are often disappointing in American pictures, while in French films they're good, Fernand replied, "You see, in France the film industry is run so entirely differently from America that it is hard to draw comparisons. Over there they don't have the facilities that are open to the companies here.

"For instance, here, everything necessary to make a good movie is at a company's disposal; while there, it is hard to do much because the limitations are so great. It is difficult to get together the necessary props for a scene other than a most usual one. So French actors are used to doing without and depending on the story to carry them through rather than correct and luxurious settings and costumes.

"In America, everyone is so movie-conscious that the studios will do anything to coöperate toward making an authentic picture. Making movies in France is just another trade, like the furniture or butcher business, and so they don't especially put themselves out. Another unusual thing is that only a third of the population of France supports the films. The rural districts are practically disinterested in them. Their inhabitants are stay-at-homes and seldom see the cinema. So, you see, it is not too easy to make pictures, what with the government limiting the cost of production to a couple of million francs, which, in American money, is equal to around two hundred thousand dollars."

We wanted to know about French players.

Fernand smiled, and with a sparkle in his eyes, remarked, "Of all the people who come to America to make movies, I'm sure that Danielle Darrieux is the most likely to succeed. She has talent for the screen as well as chic. She is a very shrewd young woman, too. That counts for much in this business.

"Simone Simon? Yes, she is good. But she is of the type that should be given a special sort of story. Otherwise, she is at a loss. In French films, she was a wild little thing—all appeal, who always gave a very tender interpretation of a role. That is Simone."

M. Gravet is in Hollywood making a movie titled, "Food for Scandal," which fact reminded us to ask him why there was resentment displayed in England over his latest picture, "The King and the Chorus Girl." To our surprise, Fernand seemed completely taken aback that any comparisons to recent historical events were drawn which might have offended the English.

"Oh, were there objections?" asked our French visitor, with a twinkle in his eye. "As a matter of fact, though no one will probably believe it, I had had that script for over two years. Had it not been for commitments abroad, the story would have been done long before the Duke's marriage. They changed the title in England, you know, to 'Romance in Paris.' Even so, it wasn't too well received and I can't imagine why, can you?"

"Yes."

"Now aren't you ashamed of yourself?" returned Fernand. "But, really, it is so hard to please everyone. In England, they fuss with me about my accent, saying, 'Fernand, be French, not English!' In France, they say, 'Fernand, where is *le bon* French?' Even in America, my director continually asks for more of a Continental accent. I thought they would want perfect English here, so I worked very hard to learn. But no, eet mus be ziss, oui?" mimicked Monsieur. "I am one of those unfortunate people who takes on the color of his surroundings—how do you call it—a chameleon?"

The Gadgeteer

(*Continued from page 37*)

out visible human agency. At the entrance to the house, a man-servant said he would take me to Mr. William. We were joined by a small white dog wearing, around his neck, a round ruffle of tin!

Skirting the long blue swimming pool, we came at last, to a workshop, wherein the profile compared to Barrymore's was bent above a bench. On this bench were a drill-press, a bench-saw, a jointer, a grinder, a water-stone, a buffer, a sander and a flexible shaft outfit. The hands of Mr. William were moving deftly among these appurtenances.

I said, clearing my throat, after the first greeting was exchanged, "The—ah—the little dog here, what *is* that around his neck?"

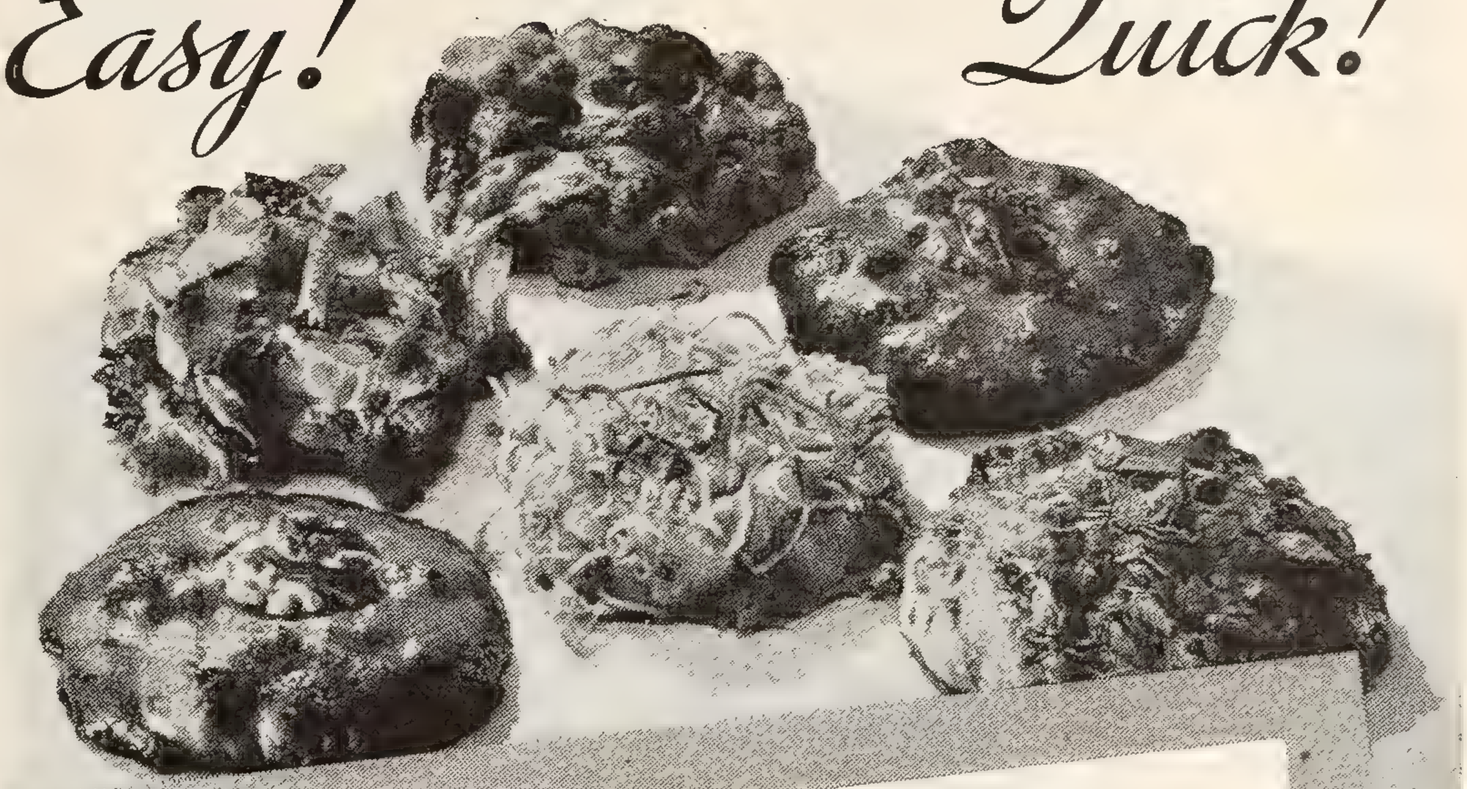
"Oh," said Mr. William, wiping the grease from his hands, "that's just a little gadget I rigged up to check his wanderlust. It keeps him from burrowing his way through hedges and gaps in the fences and things. He can't do more than get his nose through any aperture with that on."

"So you are a gadgeteer."

"You've caught me with the goods, Vance," smiled Mr. William, strolling back

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Tea for two. Rosemary and Lola Lane take time out for a little relaxation on the "Hollywood Hotel" set.

toward the pool. "Yes, I am a gadgeteer. I sometimes wish I weren't. They keep coming at me all the time, ideas for new gadgets, you know. I really never get a full night's sleep. I have to get my rest in cat-naps. I wake up by fits and starts to find one of the little gadgets parked on my chest begging to be born. It's all very paradoxical. Because my one aim in life is to save myself the slightest unnecessary exertion, to do everything in moderation. And I am excessive about my gadgets. They defeat the very purpose for which they are conceived.

"You see, I believe in short cuts. Here, in this business, in Hollywood, we all live at high emotional tension. We might not suffer so many tragic and premature deaths if we took things more in moderation. I have made it a point, all my life, to read all of the great philosophers. And I have found that they are all agreed on the need for moderation.

"Well," said Mr. William, "I believe that to save time for leisure is the one way to reduce pressure. We have no social life at all to speak of. I'm afraid I am anti-social. I spend all my spare time in the workshop, doing things around the place. I level the orchards. I doctor all the trees. I invent devices. That affair there by the pool is one of 'em."

That affair appeared to be a mammoth table of yellow painted planks mounted on white painted, white-tired wheels. The whole was covered with a yellow and white awning. And it is, Warren explained, the chassis of an old Chevrolet, stripped bare, painted, mounted with a vast top (the original flooring), and electrified so that there are plugs for percolators, grilles, hot plates. And there you have a perfect gadget for the serving of large supper parties, out-of-door luncheons, etcetera. A movable cuisine.

"Then," said Warren, "I've invented a dog house. A sort of duplex, as it were. The whole affair is mounted on a central shaft. It revolves at will. The value is that the dogs can run, every day or so, on new grass. The usual dog house, being stationary, allows the dogs only one stretch of grass for a run. In no time at all, the grass wears down to the dirt. In this way, the grass keeps fresh and clean and green all of the time.

"The phone at the gate is one of my little notions. I think of the non-effort of my fellow men as well as my own, you see. The phone is on a pulley made of an old broom handle. It works on a counterweight. It precludes the necessity of climbing out of the car to call the house for admittance. I also have a small box by the gate, ingeniously concealed, in which I keep my key. So that, when I come in late, I can admit myself. I'm given to being rather careless about keys, watches, pencils, good intentions and other gewgaws. What I haven't got with me, I can't lose.

"At the back gate, I've invented a sort of a drawbridge. It works on a counterweight, too. It's a huge piece of timber, and it bars tourists from backing into my gate and, frequently, taking parts of it away with them."

I VE heard that you drive onto the set in your dressing-room. Is that true?"

"Oh," said Mr. William, rather reluctantly, "well, I don't like to talk about that very much. It's beginning to be recognized on the road. But if you already know about it, come along."

On the way to the garage, he said, "I hope I'm not giving you the impression that I believe in stinting on life. I don't. I believe in giving and giving generously, everything in you, to what is worth while."

He stopped talking, because, all at once, there it was! It is a truck to all outward appearances. Inside, however, it is a complete dressing-room. In fact, it is a complete apartment. The walls and ceilings are done in a light tan lastex. The floor is carpeted in rich dark brown. Beige curtains separate the apartment from the driver's seat.

Along one side of the truck stretches a couch, upholstered in ivory leather. Beneath the couch are compartments for storing bedding, books, anything. Along the other side are, first a copper wash bowl, with running water, rods for towels, below it a small basin. Next, a panel lets down and there is the bar, complete with bottles, a rack filled with bar glasses and openers. Below this is the kitchen, a small gas range, a cubby hole for china and cutlery. There is the library, a deep shelf, holding books.

Another panel lets down and becomes the dressing table. It is faced by a mirror. Electric lights frame the mirror. Behind this, is a deep well in which are hung the star's costumes. There is a desk, even a calendar. There is a radio, an electric fan and a ventilator in the roof. The wall lights are covered with pieces of picture film. In the dressing-room there is a plug for an electric razor. The whole effect is luxurious and all done in tones of copper and ivory and brown.

Warren said, "All this serves the purpose of saving time and effort. I can sleep an hour later on the mornings when I am working. Because, you see, I do not have to allow time to dress and make-up after I reach the studio. My houseman drives me. And I dress and shave and make-up as I'm going to the studio. When I arrive, we drive right onto the set, and I step out of the truck, ready for work!

"On my way home at nights, I remove my make-up and get out of my costumes. I do not have to have a dressing-room on the lot. Which means that I am saved the unnecessary exertion of walking from the set to my dressing-room, to change costumes, to have my luncheon. We bring food from home and it is prepared and served right in the truck."

WE STEPPED down from the truck and strolled toward the house. Mr. William led the way to his bedroom. Originally an attic room, it has been converted into a long, irregular and fascinating chamber of unexpected angles and proportions. It is painted a blue-green and the wide bed is covered with tangerine velvet. He showed me his tower closet. The tower is a revolving rack on the principle of the old revolving book shelves. It is set in an angle of the wall which would be, otherwise, wasted space. On the round shelves repose thirty pairs of shoes and thirty hats. There are compartments in between for numerous pairs of socks.

In the wardrobe proper, all of the William suits, robes, etcetera, hang from the ceiling. And instead of those shelves over the clothes hangers which are always too high for convenience, he has devised cupboards under the clothes for his shirts and other accessories.

On either side of the bed are tall electric lights enclosed in small cupboards. There, lights are on levers and can be raised or lowered at will, so that, when Warren feels like studying his script flat on his back, the lights can be arranged appropriately.

We walked back to the driveway. I said, "Do you think we should walk? There should be some gadget devised for . . ."

"Don't!" laughed Mr. William, "you may start ideas coming! I simply must have moderation, even as a gadgeteer!"

Good News

(*Continued from page 17*)

Montgomery and Rosalind Russell, living in Greenwich Village poverty, are faced with the problem of what to do for breakfast, Bob asks his pal and confidant, Robert Benchley, for a dollar. "Don't talk like that, Bob," says Mr. B. "It makes you sound hard."

■ ■ ■

The other day when Joan Blondell came home from the studio, young Norman Barnes' nurse met her at the door. She looked grief-stricken. Joan had immediate visions of Norman's falling out of second story windows and such. "What in the world is the matter?" she screamed. Almost overcome, the nurse managed to gasp out, "He's just said his first swear word." Joan let out a yelp, tore to the nursery and began yanking down all the curtains with the Mother Goose designs and throwing out all the pale blue furniture. Now Junior has he-man furniture and crossed baseball bats on the curtains, and Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell are that proud of their son.

■ ■ ■

Myrna Loy was late for work the other morning. So when she finally showed up the whole cast and crew decided to hide. She came on the set, very chagrined, looked around, consulted her watch, looked puzzled and finally her expression changed from guilt to great relief. Up went the retroussé nose and she sailed to her dressing-room looking pretty smug. Then the whole cast and crew popped out at her. Some fun.

■ ■ ■

J. Edgar Hoover came on the set one day with the sole intention of meeting the screen's Public Enemy No. 1—Joseph Calleia. He caught Public Enemy No. 1 in a rather precarious situation. In his dressing-room, Joseph was standing around without any pants. He had just given them to his stand-in.

■ ■ ■

Hugh Herbert went out on a spree the other night. About dawn he began thinking of life and all its attendant vicissitudes. Chaos, he was convinced, was just around the corner. Movies were but fleeting fame. After an hour or so of serious talk with himself he decided that the back-to-the-land movement was the only safe course. So he took himself right out to the San Fernando Valley and bought up 240 acres of land. Next morning he went over to see what he'd acquired. It turned out to be just 240 acres of worthless land. But on a hillside, he found a spring bubbling. Taking a drink he shouted, "Wo *woo*, wotta drink." Called Francis Lederer over—he owns the next place—and Francis was equally impressed. Now Hugh's making plenty of pin money. He's bottling the water and selling it all over Hollywood. Calling it "Herbert's Wo Woo Water."

■ ■ ■

Cowboy and Indian, 1938 version: In the old days, cowboys pursued Indians over hill and dale, and vice versa. But times have changed. Take Gene Autry, for instance. Gene is at the moment the nation's Number One Cowboy. The Indian, in his case, is George Goodale, half Cherokee, who happens to be Autry's press agent. So every time the present-day cowboy saddles Old Paint, his redskin medicine man goes on the warpath and sees that the item gets in the papers. Heap big change!

(*Continued on page 81*)

Miscasting the Menace

(*Continued from page 34*)

the picture had been finished. It seems to me Freddie March had enough sympathy at the end of the story without giving him more by making Stander lower than low. But, once a villain, always a villain and the dirtier the deed, the more virtuous the hero is by comparison."

Nothing seemed to cheer Mr. Donlevy. There wasn't a picture prospect in the world that could lift the gloom from around his handsome head. We reminded him that William Powell was once a villain and that until a year ago that fine actor, Spencer Tracy, was a thorough-going bad character. And look at those two today!

The reminder didn't lift Donlevy from the doldrums. "A mere fluke," he opined. "A coupla mere flukes. If Tracy hadn't been lucky enough to land that role of the priest in 'San Francisco,' he'd probably still be stabbing men in the back—in the movies, of course. *That's* what gets me! It takes an accident to make them discover that a convincing villain makes a superb hero.

THAT'S ancient history though. Go back to the Rudolph Valentino days. There was a man who went unrecognized as a menace and no one since has made the success in romantic leads that he did when, by a mere chance, he was cast as the hero in 'The Four Horsemen'."

Well, there seemed to be no answer to that one and little to do but wish that the picture Donlevy is making in England will turn out to be *his* "fluke," since that seems to be what he is looking for.

Pessimistic as Brian was, the visionary Mrs. Donlevy could see a silver lining around his darkest clouds. "Basil Rathbone gets six thousand dollars a week, dear, and for just playing villains," she reminded him.

"Let him," replied her spouse.

"Who did you say—Jack Dempsey?" inquired Victor McLaglen, who had just come over from the adjoining suite.

"No, not your hero," returned Mrs. Donlevy. "You know, Vic is so fond of Dempsey that he spent his four days coming east on the train, preparing to meet him. In fact, all we heard from Hollywood to New York was Jack this and Jack that! Well, last night was the night, our first in town, and what a night!"

"Yeah, wasn't it great," enthused McLaglen, drawing his dressing-gown tightly around him.

"That's Vic, understating everything," interrupted Donlevy. "You know, Vic wouldn't leave Dempsey's to go to the theatre! Well, he did settle for meeting us later at the Stork Club. And when he arrived he was so surprised at seeing us, he inquired, 'Well, fancy seeing *you* here!'"

"That reminds me, I've got to call Jack. Will you excuse me, folks?" So saying, the mountainous McLaglen made for the phone in the next room.

"To get back to our discussion," commented Donlevy, "the only reason my producers will give for casting me as an undesirable citizen is that I have the face and physique of a heavy. Ability doesn't enter into it at all. And is it my fault that I have big muscles? I guess my brawn is really due to a roommate I once had.

"We were in a show here in New York and, to cut expenses, took an apartment together. Well, this guy used to pick me up bodily and throw me against the wall."

"What were you doing, trying to break a lease?" we wondered.



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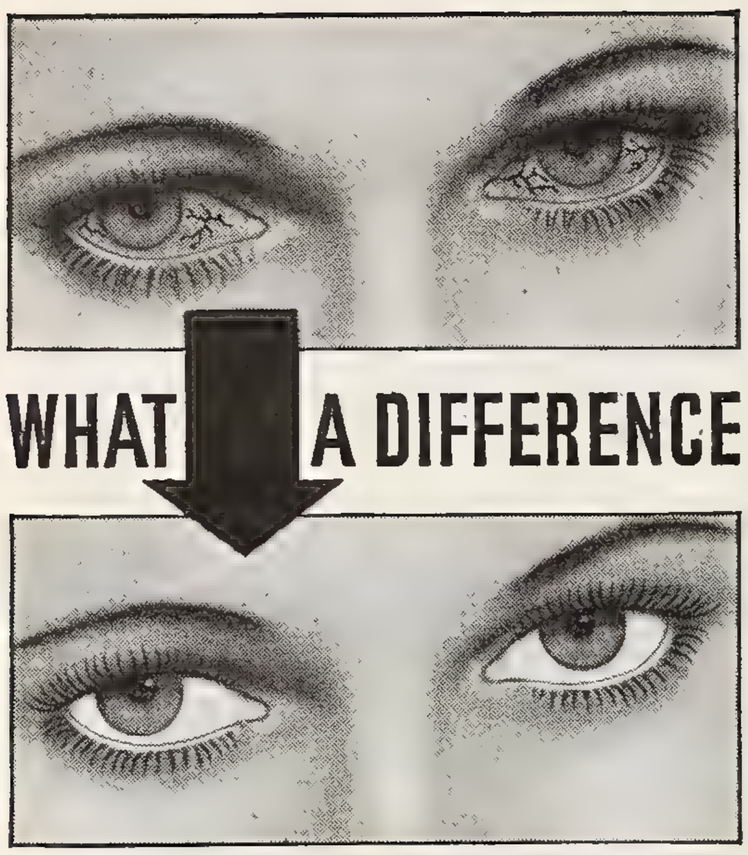
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Mr. Donlevy let that go and continued, "When the wall began to tremble, I suddenly realized my strength! It struck me funny at the time. But, he who laughs last, begins latest or something. Little did I realize that I was in training for a mess of movie menaces."

And very good ones, too, in case you remember Brian's elegant performance in "Come And Get It," the Edward Arnold picture. In fact, *that's* what did it. For, no sooner was he marched down a muddy street, by the vigilantes, to a waiting noose, than his own company woke up to the fact of his potentialities as a bad man.

"As a matter of fact," Brian remarked, "it was right about then that I first met Dick Arlen. You know he always plays my parts on the screen—the ones I created on the stage. There was to be a broadcast over the radio between us about one of the pictures and I was due at his house to rehearse. I had never met Dick and so, when I walked in we mentally squared off, and were ready for anything to happen. You know professionals! They're touchy!

"Anyway, by the time the radio people arrived we had become such pals that the rehearsal had to be called off 'til the next night. He's swell and I'm glad to see him play the roles, even though it means I can't. At this point I've become resigned to the fate of always kicking nice guys and they might as well toss me a few babies to pinch, because the public has come to think I'm that kind of a guy. I even get a letter now and then telling me what bad news I am, and why! I'm really not a mean gent, and don't like to hurt anyone. If only people would understand that it's my job and I have to do it to the best of my ability, I'm sure they would be more tolerant."

Well, in closing, let us say that, even though it may be small satisfaction to Brian Donlevy, as a menace he is one of our very best actors. And so, we who have the last word wish to remind him of this salient fact, even as Mrs. Donlevy pointed out to him—Basil Rathbone's salary!

Woman's Place is in the Heart

(*Continued from page 39*)

in this business, flatter a handsome man, offer him the one thing his wife cannot give him — novelty. Although," smiled Gladys, amused, "Leonard does fare better than most when it comes to novelty! For I am the type actress who lives my parts, even at home. Leonard had Carrie through all of her phases, for breakfast, lunch and dinner. More recently he had Madame X pouring his coffee for him, with hands growing increasingly shaky.

"Anyway, I just wanted to be reassured, that's all. Kind of like a child, I guess, who knows there is nothing hiding in the dark but wants to hear someone say there isn't. So I just sat down with Leonard and we talked it all out. And then I felt all right."

Gladys paused for a moment and then she said, gravely, "You see, for the first time in my life I am really in love. Maturely in love. I hate to say that we are 'adults living in an adult world,' but certainly ours is an adult love. And it's silly for adults to go about being scared of bogey-men or women."

SHE is slim, golden-haired, amber-eyed and chic. She is restless, nervous. She uses her hands when she talks and she talks a great deal, and rapidly. Tears come into her eyes with the same frequency and lack of self-consciousness as do smiles on her lips. When she feels like crying, she just cries. In the course of our conversation she smiled, laughed, cried, dried her eyes, laughed again. Most persons laugh naturally enough. Few weep naturally. Gladys does. No wonder that she is able to draw tears from her audiences when her own come as naturally as showers alternating with sunshine.

Hers is a heart which has been hurt. You can tell that by looking at her eyes. It is a heart which has been hilariously happy, too. It is the heart of a child. Easily hurt. Easily healed. Made happy by small things. She can't resist charity appeals, whether to her purse, or her heart.

Only the other day a little girl from the studio filing department had occasion to go to Miss George's dressing-room. Gladys noticed that the girl, a stranger to her, looked down-at-the-mouth. She asked what troubled her. The girl broke down and admitted that her beau had given her the gate, that she was going crazy. Gladys George let the girl talk her heart out for two solid hours.

The girl said, later, "It was like taking a warm, soothing bath, talking to Miss George. I just knew that she understood. She didn't say much, but she was feeling with me. I just kind of talked myself back to sanity again. She is awfully wise."

The next day a box of white gardenias was delivered to the girl's home. The box was wrapped with white satin ribbon and tied into the knot was a generous bottle of gardenia perfume. "I'm not subtle," Gladys says of herself, "but it seemed to me a lovely way of reminding her that the world is full of a number of things, many of them lovely.

"I'm no beauty," this astonishingly honest woman also says. "Far from it." And she's making no bid for contradiction. She means it.

She reads, with curling lips, specious stories alluding vaguely to her "unhappy childhood." She has heard it rumored that she starved, suffered; that her face was mysteriously injured and remade by plastic surgery; that her life was "saved by a surgeon's knife." "What do they mean?" she asks.

GLADYS' parents were theatrical people. Her father, Sir Arthur Clare, English, well-known Shakespearian actor, was knighted by Edward Seventh. Her mother, a Boston girl, very much in the social circles, became a leading lady on the stage. Gladys, her mother and father travelled all over the United States and Canada. She didn't have what is known as a normal childhood, true. They never stayed long enough in one place for her to go to school regularly. She never had any girl-friends. Her playmates were character men and women, tired juveniles, disillusioned ingenues. Her nursery was backstage. Her doll's cradle was the tray of a theatrical trunk.

Her Dad was, and still is, "a darling." But like most men who are "darlings" was impractical, a dreamer, so that there were what her mother refers to as "reverses," and what Gladys calls "our ups and downs." There were times when she had to wear hand-me-downs, had to make over last year's frocks. What of it? She never went hungry. She never felt sorry for herself. Her whole life was lit, brighter than any

Christmas tree, by her ambition to become a great actress.

She never had her face remade by plastic surgery. In 1920, when she first took a very young flier into pictures and played in "Red Hot Dollars," with Charles Ray, she suffered severe burns on one arm and was forced to remain off stage and screen for a year. The burns left a faint scar, which she showed me. They didn't require the surgeon's knife, and they are the sum total of those mysterious injuries.

She said, "I've been rich. I've been poor. I've worn hand-me-downs. I've worn sables. And I've been just as happy one way as the other. No one would want to play the role of Lady Clara Vere de Vere all the time, would they? So, no one should want life to be all one pattern either. I don't. I've had almost every experience there is to have, good and bad."

Gladys deliberately acquired a hard-boiled manner and way of speaking when she was first on the road alone and on the stage in New York. She found it to be her best defense against unpleasant advances. She is the despair of her mother, who will say, with a little despairing laugh, when Gladys is in one of her calling-a-spade-a-spade moods, "My daughter, she's a little peculiar, you know!"

"Mother," laughs Gladys, "lives on a whipped cream cloud, tinted pale pink. I don't."

NO, she doesn't. Gladys and her husband live in a mad manner and love it. Their home life, insists Mrs. Leonard Penn, is nuttier than a Marx Brothers comedy with the Ritz Brothers thrown in. It is not, certainly, the home life of a star, popular version. For they live in a little rented house, this two-years-married couple. Until recently Gladys kept no maid at all. She did all of her own work, cooking, cleaning. When she was working and Leonard was not, he would get her breakfast. When he was working and she was not, she would get his.

"Money won't change us, nor our way of living. We've had money before. It's never been any special fun for me to have it. I can't save, anyway. I give everything away, fur coats, bags, dresses and things. Know what Leonard does now? He locks my cupboards and keeps the keys!"

They never have meals on time. They have no schedules at all. They eat dinner at six if they feel like it, at ten, at midnight or not at all. They care nothing about going to parties or giving them. They have no close friends among the picture people.

Gladys said, "There was one friend when I came to Hollywood this last time, one person who was kind and helpful to me, who didn't look down her nose at me and seem to resent my being here—Jean Harlow. Jean had too many big warmths in her to have any room for petty rivalries. She offered to show me the ropes. All of them. And did. I miss her here . .

"It's funny, though," she continued, "how differently I used to live when I was on the road, in New York, playing in 'Queer People,' 'Milky Way,' 'Personal Appearance' and the others. My dressing-room was always jammed with people, phones rang constantly. My life was a mad whirl. I was considered dizzy, I'm sure. I know that Leonard didn't feel, at first, that he could keep his finger on me. He knows better now. I've earned his faith in me by deserving it. I've said that women expect too much. They do. We're always wondering whether a man loves us, how he can prove it. Woman's place is in a man's heart. But she's got to make him know that his place is in her heart, too. Everything in life should be fifty-fifty. So should love."



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Anita Astonishes!

(*Continued from page 29*)

made me so ill I couldn't look at her!

"On the other hand, the role I played in 'That Certain Woman,' though small, did give me the chance, I feel, to show that given a chance, I can be more mature. I've been told that I looked different in that part. That cheered me up. Because I didn't change my make-up. I've used the same make-up for years. I didn't do things to my hair. Physically, I was as I always am. Yet people felt, even saw a difference in me. And what encourages me is that whatever that difference was, it came from within. It was just that I was playing a character who had more mature thoughts, more mature emotions. And I hope they came through.

"You see, I'm not a sweet young thing. Matter of fact, I never have been. I've always been old for my age. I've always gone with older people. I've been so much with Mother that, naturally, I've always been a great deal with her friends.

"And I think that, thanks to Mother, I've had a very intelligent bringing up. Mother is French, you know. She had all the conservative ideas and ideals of a French childhood and girlhood. Then she came to America just when the modern age was at its richest and raciest. And she has managed to be a very balanced blend of the old-fashioned mother and the modern mother. She never treated me as a child, intellectually speaking. We always discussed everything as equals. I read everything. Mother took me to France, to Alsace-Lorraine, to visit my grandparents and there I assimilated some of the older, quieter tradition.

ON the other hand, she did keep me closely guarded until I was sixteen. I never went out alone with a boy until I was past sixteen. And so, when I did start to go out I knew pretty thoroughly what things were all about, what to do, what not to do.

"I can certainly say this, too, that a girl growing up in Hollywood, in the studios, in the movies, is every bit as safe, as protected, as a girl can be anywhere. I am wise, I think, we all are, because we have seen so much, so many phases of life, so many kinds of people. But I am most certainly not disillusioned. I am certainly not cynical. If I doubt very much that I could die for love it is not because I don't believe in love, it's because I think that, in the days of the Lily Maid, love was all a woman had to live for as well as die for. Today, there are so many things. Love may be still the most important, certainly the most precious, but it is not all.

"I was a member of what was called Hollywood's youngest set. I'm not a member any longer because," laughed Anita wickedly, "because I don't care to go roller skating any longer! No, seriously, I'm no longer a member because, for one thing, there is no younger set any longer. Most of the old, young crowd are married; Anne Shirley, Tom Brown, Astrid Allwyn; and Paula Stone is engaged. I am about the only one still unmarried or unattached. They are the younger married set now.

I began, "Everyone thought that you and Tom Brown would be . . ."

"I know," said Anita. "So did Tom and I, for that matter and I don't honestly know, even now, why it was that we didn't get married then. Certainly no two youngsters were ever happier together, had more fun together, than Tom and I. Now, I am sure that it is better as it is. I think I am older than Tom now, even though he is older in years than I. A girl in her twenties is older than a boy in his twenties. I feel more mature. I have an idea that when I do marry I should marry a man quite a few years older than I am.

"And I do want to get married, of course. I hope that I won't fall in love for another two years. I have so much work I want to do, so much I want to accomplish. But it's ridiculous to make statements or prophecies about love and marriage. I may tell you that I won't get married for two years and walk out of here and fall in love within the hour and elope to Yuma tonight. Unlikely, but possible. I can only say that I hope I won't want to get married for two years.

"I am so ambitious, I often think that if, before I die, I can do just one scene as Katharine Cornell or Helen Hayes would do it, I would be content.

"And I have my other career, too, my harp. I work quite as hard, quite as conscientiously at that as I do at my work in the studio. I think it's bad business to put all of your eggs into one basket. I believe in balance, something on this side, something on that. I balance my personal life, too. I mean, I have friends among the picture people. I know every one of them, of course. I also have friends who have nothing to do with pictures. One of my best friends is a girl who is studying to become a designer. Others of my friends are musicians, still others are just girls who stay at home. I have a very just-girl life at home. Mother and I have a pleasant house, rented. I have my own room. I have my girl friends in to spend the night with me. All that sort of usual, conventional thing. We talk about pictures at home but we also talk about music and the Russian flyers and the new books and Aimee Semple McPherson and new recipes and patterns of linoleum for the kitchen floor.

SO, I am not only not a sweet young thing but I am, also, a veteran. I have been in pictures, in Hollywood, since I was seven years old. I grew up in Hollywood, I went to school in Hollywood. I almost learned to talk in pictures. Long," laughed Anita, "before pictures talked themselves!

"I made my first picture, 'The Sixth Commandment,' with Neil Hamilton when I was five. I played in 'The Music Master.' I did such pictures as 'Millie,' with Helen Twelvetrees, 'Our Betters,' with Constance Bennett, 'The Most Precious Thing in Life,' 'Are We Civilized?' 'Swan Song' and lots of others. Later I did 'Madame Du Barry,' with Dolores del Rio, 'The Firebird' (in which, oh goody, goody, I played a girl murderess!), and then was given my contract with Warner Brothers. And here I have been ever since. At the moment I am being another sweet young thing, well, rather sweet and very young in 'Tovarich,' with Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer.

"Now, this being a veteran at twenty-one is, so to speak, a two-edged sword. There are assets. There are, also, liabilities. The assets are that I know what it is all about. But all of it. I can't ever get the big head. That is a sudden disease. I can't ever be impressed. I can't be flattered, frightened, disillusioned. I should, and I think I do, avoid many of the mistakes others have made. Because I have been able to watch those others and profit by their mistakes.

"I have watched the results of dissipation, little heads that grew too big, too much money made too fast, overnight successes. I have lived through the lives and times of Valentino, Wally Reid, Barbara La Marr, John Gilbert, so many others. I have seen ingenues come and go, before I was out of my teens. And I am still here. I have lived through the silents and came into the talkies naturally, as a child who is at first inarticulate and then learns to speak. Those are the assets. I am not in danger of being spoiled.

"The liabilities are, that they know me too well, have known me too long, at my age! And because they knew me as a child actress they cannot outgrow my childhood! They are still thinking of me as the little tot in patent leather slippers. Also, there are those who do not like to be reminded that they worked with me when I was little enough to sit on their laps! Grown up, I can be an unpleasant reminder of the passing of time.

"And so, although I have all the weapons in my hands, experience, familiarity with my medium, I have to fight double strength, to be allowed to use those weapons.

"I do see signs of progress, as I said. I imagine that within the next three to four years I'll be given the things to do I should be doing right now. That's another problem, because three years from now I will have outgrown (I hope) the things I should be doing now. Not because my looks will have changed, women today look about the same from sixteen to sixty, but because I will have changed inwardly. I seem to be always five years ahead, emotionally, of what I am given to do. With one or two exceptions.

"I should like to do the sort of things Loretta Young has done, is doing. If I could sort of parallel her career, the progress she has made, that is as nearly the way I'd like things to work out as I can tell you."

Charles Boyer, across the Green Room, beckoned Anita Louise. She said, "I must go now and do a little 'Tovariching' in my best sweet-young-thing manner."

I said goodbye to the lovely Louise and to all of my preconceived ideas about her. She had slain them, every one, not with her brains but with the even brighter weapon of her honesty.

Bachelor Bride

(Continued from page 35)

Knowing that they would be apart on their first Christmas, both of them had started propping up their chins weeks before. Each, unknown to the other, spent hours in planning, getting and wrapping scads of gag gifts, to try to inspire smiles on a lonely Christmas morning. One example: In a large and handsome frame, Ann sent Roger the last thing he would want underneath his Christmas tree. A photograph of an ex-sweetheart of his.

They did manage to be together for New Year's, bad flying weather or not. She had eight days off. She used one of them to fly east, six of them to be with Roger, one to fly back. During their six days together they had, for the first time in their married life, more than a speaking acquaintance with each other.

FINALLY, late in the spring, Roger had a chance to do some of the connubial commuting. A week between orchestra engagements. A week during which, to see Ann in the daytime, he had to sit on a movie set, watching someone else make love to his wife. The same maddening thing

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happened a couple of months later, when he had another week between engagements.

Then, at last, Ann managed to get six consecutive weeks off. And during two of those weeks, she had the world's worst cold.

"But this trip, Poppy (that's what I call him) almost had time to decide whether or not he liked the way Mommy (that's what he calls me) squeezed the toothpaste. I almost had time to decide whether or not I liked the way he used both of our towels, not just his. We almost had time to start making some of the adjustments to each other, and to married life, that all newlyweds have to make.

"That's the most hectic thing about this hectic first year. We haven't had the chance to be normal newlyweds, sharing everyday life. By the end of the first year, most young married couples know all of each other's faults and virtues and habits and thoughts. They have either adjusted themselves to life together, or they've found out that the only adjustment they will ever have is maladjustment.

"But we've had so little time with each other, and at such erratic intervals, that we haven't been able to settle down and discover what day-after-day life might be like. Every time we've been together, we've felt as if we were on a stolen holiday. People on holidays aren't down-to-earth. They're up in the clouds.

"We haven't had a chance to find out if we could have a happy homelife, because we haven't shared a home except on Roger's two very brief visits here. We've shared hotel suites, instead. We've sat across from each other at breakfast tables, and luncheon tables, and dinner tables, but the tables haven't been our own, and the food hasn't been from our own kitchen. We've always been surrounded by hordes of people. We've never really been alone together, day after day, evening after evening. We haven't had any real test of our love. Separation isn't a test for love. Not our kind. And brief holidays aren't, either.

"I live the same kind of life now as I did before I was married. Do all the same things, go out with the same people, order the same meals, have the same habits. Roger, likewise. We haven't had to change. We haven't had to make allowances for anybody but our respective selves.

"Perhaps that's the best possible state of affairs, as long as we can't be together except at irregular intervals. We aren't brooding about our separations. Both of us are too busy. Roger has the orchestra to lead, and new numbers to arrange and rehearse. I have acting to do, and lines to learn. I've had to make six pictures this past year. That's too many. I'm going to put up a fight to do only three next year. There's a possibility that Roger may be out on the Coast with his orchestra, but wherever he is, we're going to have more time together!

"I don't know what the solution will be. If Roger went back to acting, and he's a grand actor, the solution would be simple. Automatically, he'd be here in Hollywood. But he has given up acting for keeps, he says. Music is in his blood and there's no telling where he'll be from year to year, from now on. We both hope that it will be on the Coast, where I'll be until this career business gets out of *my* blood. I've worked to come this far. I want to go a little farther before I stop.

CERTAINLY, ours isn't an ideal arrangement or a happy arrangement. Sometimes I feel pretty violent about it all. Other times, I'm philosophical about our separations. Most of the time, I don't feel either violent or philosophical. Just static. Waiting for the future to catch up with us. It isn't much fun.

"I think I've always been lonely. All my life, I've always done things by myself. It used to seem natural. Now it doesn't. I'm conscious of loneliness. I've never felt close to anyone, really, except Roger. And I've had so little opportunity to be close to him this first year.

"But," she shook off her moodiness, "don't think I haven't acquired domestic impulses. I have an insane urge now to own a home, a real home that will be permanent. I have my eye on a little early American house, crispy and white and secluded. But I think the people know how badly I want it. They're asking a fabulous price.

"Yes, *I* am buying a house. Not we. Roger may be living in Hollywood eventually, but I'm sure I'll be living here, at least for a few years. And that being the case, it isn't fair for him to share in the buying. As long as we have separate lives, and separate incomes, we ought to keep our expenses separate, too, I feel. That will give us both a chance to save for the children.

"Oh, didn't I tell you? I'm planning to have a baby, late in 1939. A boy. It must be a boy. I'm going to be particular about that." She smiles. And her smile has nothing of rebellion or irony or wistfulness in it. She says: "I must tell you what Roger said when he called last night. He said, 'Here I've been married a whole year, and I'm still in love with my wife. Stuffy and old-fashioned, don't you think?' "

"I'm all stuffy, too," Ann added. Which doesn't speak so badly for that hectic first year!

Boyer Tells on Himself

(Continued from page 31)

who knows!"

I said to Boyer, "Let's play a one-sided game of Truth. You tell me about yourself. It's sort of blunt, the game of Truth. If you pretty it up it's no good. So, if you will forgive my credulity, are you conceited? If not, why not? And especially, how not? How do you prevent conceit from enveloping you like a fungus?"

Mr. Boyer smiled, that quiet smile which is in his dark eyes as well as on his lips. He said, "But if you will reason a little, you will realize how little all that sort of thing has to do with me. They do not know me in the least, you see, the people who ask for autographs, crowd about me and the other picture people, at premieres, in the cafes. They do not know what I am really like. How could they? Therefore, they cannot really know whether they like me or do not like me. If it is my screen appearance they are attracted to, I can say only this. If I were a doctor or a lawyer, looking just as I look now, I would have come out of the theatre and no one would have turned a head to look at me. So, with a little reasoning, there is no place for conceit. It comes, the attention, only because I am a public character, publicized. It has nothing to do with what I am.

"And for me, there could be no excuse to be conceited. I have worked for

quite a long time. I have known some success in Paris. (I remember Maurice Chevalier saying of Boyer, "He could have had any woman in Paris, any woman in France. They were mad for him, all of them, everywhere." And when a man says that about another man!) I have come to Hollywood before," Boyer continued, "and I have known no success at all. I have gone back to Paris, more than once, thinking that the screen was not to be for me. With me it has been a series of sips, not the one sudden draught to go to the head. I would not blame those who become stars overnight for getting the big head. That is understandable and forgivable. I admire young Taylor very much because he has remained unspoiled and natural when, in one year, with no theatre behind him to prepare him, he became the tops. With me, it has been different."

"How do you rate yourself as an actor?"

Mr. Boyer shook his head. He said, "To say that I play all types, as an actor should be able to do, would sound too pretentious. I can say that I like best to play dramatic parts. I consider that I have the face, the build, the personality best suited to dramatic parts. Not that I dislike the comedy. It is the most difficult to do of all things. But I am more at home in drama. Most of us are limited by our physical type. So am I. I could not play the fat Falstaff, I could not play Henry the Eighth, or one of the Louis. It is not only a matter of the make-up. It is a matter of the man. I could not be those men."

"Have you a Napoleonic complex?" was my next query.

"No," said Boyer again, "I am one actor who never wanted to play Napoleon, on stage or screen. Mr. Thalberg asked me to play the part well over a year ago. I begged, then, to be excused. I did not want to play a character about which there are so many preconceived ideas. It was too difficult an undertaking.

"And it is by far the most difficult part I have ever played. In every way but one—Garbo! She made it delightful on the set because she is delightful to work with. She is easy to work with. She is stimulating. She is generous. She is unbegrudging about everything. I had, of course, no fear of working with her. We had met before. But the experience was even more worth while than I had thought it would be. She has a face upon which the least thought, the least emotion, is written.

"Everything went so well, so without hitch, or temperament or upsets of any kind that there are really no anecdotes to tell about it. I am very bad, anyway, at telling stories. I am not successful as a raconteur. I would never do," laughed Boyer, "travelling in your club cars with your travelling salesmen. I would not have the stories to swap with them. So, it was a happy time. Very friendly and very much fun. Miss Garbo likes to retire to her dressing-room between scenes, at the luncheon hour. But I do not find that strange or unfriendly, for so do I. When the day's work is done, she does what you call 'scram,' as you know. But so, again, do I. While she is working, she is sociable, friendly, and there is no more to be expected.

"It may interest you, the way we arrived at my make-up for Napoleon. We took a death mask of Napoleon and the studio then had made a mask of my face. From the death mask to my face the transition, after many experiments, was made. A very slight transition. The producers felt that the fans should be able to recognize me, that Bonaparte should not completely obliterate Boyer! And so we did very little, really. We changed my nose, not very much. We lengthened my chin.

"I carried my head like this for the five and a half months we were in production" —and he illustrated by ducking his chin into his collar and holding it there— "and I have now," he laughed, "to use shadows to take away the chin I worked so hard to get! I keep forgetting to hold the chin up.

"I have eliminated, in the picture, some of the more famous Napoleonic poses. I do not stand with arms folded on my chest. I do hold my hands in back of me and flip my coat-tails, but that is because it is a natural gesture for any man wearing those costumes—there are no pockets in them. I did a great deal of research, read many books on Napoleon, especially on Napoleon, the man. Because, in 'Conquest,' you see him much more as the lover than as the soldier."

"Do you consider that you have any one outstanding quality in your work? Almost every actor suggests one quality, one emotion. Gable, for instance, suggests virility; Spencer Tracy, a rugged, rock-of-ages strength, and yours?"

"Sadness," laughed Mr. Boyer (his laughter is low, muted, in key with his speaking voice and with his personality). He seemed amused at the question, more amused at his own answer. "I think, perhaps, I express sadness better than I do any other emotion."

"What is your greatest virtue?"

MR. BOYER thought and thought. He said finally, "I suppose I may say that I try not to cause inconvenience to others if I can possibly help it. I try not to have little annoying habits at home, whistling to myself, things like that. I try, always, to be punctual. I am always punctual on the set. I know my lines. I just try to avoid irritating others. I suppose that is my best virtue in private life and in my work."

"Your greatest fault?"

"As an actor," smiled Charles Boyer, "or as a man?"

"Well," I floundered, thereby losing the chance of a lifetime, "as an actor?"

"There is a very large selection to choose from. I am not pausing now because I am the perfect man, without faults, but because I have so many. I think my worst fault is my very annoying habit of always rehearsing over and over the scene we have just shot. Instead of rehearsing the scene which is to come, which I should be doing, naturally, I go crying over spilt milk. I am worrying over something which is done and cannot be done again. I make myself and those about me very unhappy. I cause the very trouble I try to avoid. I cannot seem to correct this vice.

"This very morning I have gone over and over the first of the day's scenes of 'Tovarich.' It is all in the box but I keep going over it, adding bits of business, tormenting myself. I have a faculty for torturing myself. My other vice," said Boyer, lighting his tenth cigarette in as many minutes, "is that I am what you call a chain smoker, as you may have noticed. I am an endless chain of cigarettes, especially when I am working. I smoke less when I am at home. But that is because, perhaps, I am more active with my hands at home. We play a great deal of tennis, ping pong. Yet I am happiest when I am working. I feel less nervous then. I am healthiest when I am working, always."

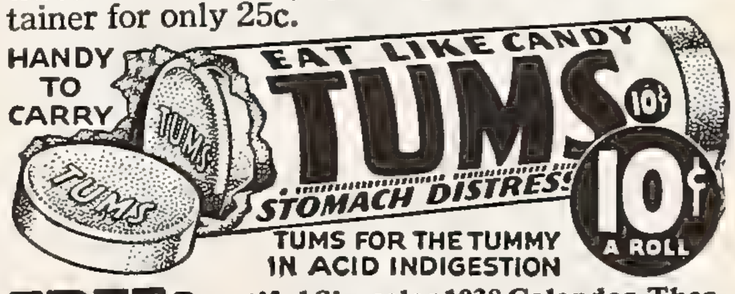
"Are you temperamental?" the questions continued.

"Not outwardly," Mr. Boyer said. "If you mean do I have flare-ups, fits of rage



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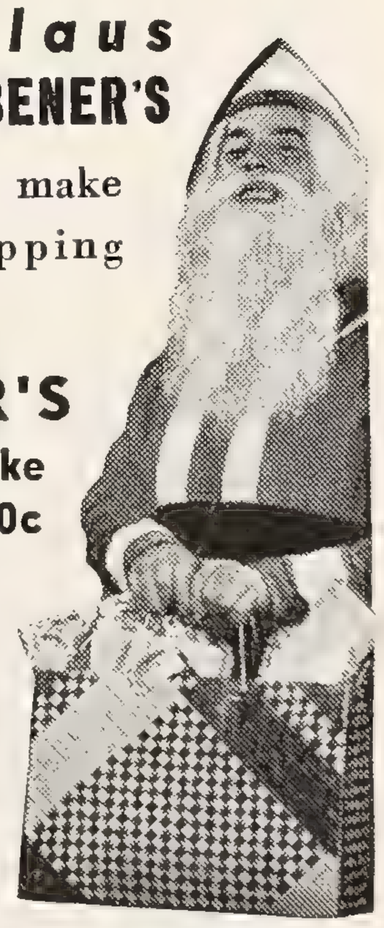
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when I lose my collar, walk off sets, make scenes not called for in my scripts, no. No, but it might be better for me if I did. I would then get things better out of my system."

"Are you the modern or the old-fashioned husband? You know what I mean."

"I am not sure what you mean," Charles Boyer said, smiling, "but I think you mean how do I feel about my wife, about whether she should work or stay at home. I think I am the modern husband. I have no objection to my wife working if she wishes to work. I believe it is better for a woman to be busy with some work than to be busy only with her thoughts. There are many Satans glad to find mischief for the idle thoughts of idle women. I am perhaps old-fashioned in believing that when children come they should be the work to keep the woman busy. I should like to have children."

"Would you call yourself, well, domesticated?" (I hesitated because it did sound so ridiculous, asking that question of Boyer —in evening clothes, very smart, smouldering dark eyes seeming almost to burn the wreathing smoke away.)

HE said, "Half-and-half. I like to spend time at home, but not all the time. I am not anything of the recluse. I like to give dinners at home for our friends. I like also to go to dinners occasionally, at the homes of friends. I like to dance, occasionally. My wife likes very much to dance and so we do, now and then.

"I am not, what you call in America, a good mixer. I grow to know my friends rather slowly, carefully. I believe that a friendship, to be real, requires time. I name my real friends only among those who were my friends before I came, the last time, to Hollywood. People I meet now, people who are very kind and flattering and congenial, I cannot say are my friends. Yes, I am of a cynical turn of mind. I do not take people on faith. I realize that there are many of my acquaintances today who, if they thought I might be visiting them to ask for a job, would not be at home to me.

"But I am a social animal, or do I say a sociable animal? I have no desire to go back to the land. I like cities. I like noise and excitement. I like life and to be a part of life."

I said, "Have you any special fear of anything?"

"Sickness," said Mr. Boyer, "and old age. I am not afraid of death. That is finality. I cannot concern myself with what cannot be helped. But I am afraid of sickness and of old age, which is physical humiliation."

"Are you," as the shadow of the assistant director loomed, "clothes-conscious?"

"For myself, I should not say that I am exactly clothes-conscious. I like good clothes. And I am conscious, I should say I am observant, of clothes. Particularly," smiled Mr. Boyer, "observant of women's clothes. I notice them very much. I always know when my wife wears something new, a gown, a hat, a wrap, even a pair of shoes or a jewel. I have trained myself to this. It is one of the ways to be a successful husband."

"Are you particular about food? Fussy?"

"Yes. Very much. But we have at home a French cook. She knows what I like and how I like it and so there is no difficulty."

"Are you musical?"

"I have played the violin," laughed Charles, "but that is, fortunately, past. It sounds too pretentious, perhaps, to say that I love Chopin. But I am, also, very fond of modern American music."

The hovering assistant director hove right into the dressing-room. He said, "They are ready, Mr. Boyer."

Smoothness Is the Word for Beauty

(*Continued from page 41*)

sour cream. Slice the beets thinly, sprinkle with a little salt and pepper, and add one heaping teaspoonful of the cream. The results are far from dreary, if you like tasty foods.

That's another thing which seems to keep plump folks from dieting. People who like flavorsome, highly seasoned foods declare they'd rather not eat at all than go on any sort of plain, drab, unseasoned diet. Most diatribes on diet tell you to cut down to almost nothing on seasonings for two reasons: tasty things tempt you to eat more. And seasonings do stimulate the gastric juices and make you hungry. But can't we be reasonable about this thing? Haven't you enough will power to stick to one moderate serving of a thing, no matter how good it tastes? Leave the table a little bit hungry. That's the first rule for losing weight.

These seasonings are harmful to neither fat or thin, if used in moderation: celery salt (in fact it's good for you), curry, grated onion, garlic, bay leaf, cloves, horse radish, mint, lemon juice, paprika and pimiento. Salt and black pepper should be used in strict moderation.

Tips for the underweight: you should have a big serving of two starches a day. Hot cereal, often with bananas or figs and sugar and cream in the morning. Potatoes, rice or noodles at dinner. Don't go in for fried potatoes, however. Have them boiled, creamed, mashed, baked. Fried foods, though fattening, true enough, are also hard to digest. So are the very rich sweets.

Corn is a fine, fattening vegetable and, of course, here it is winter and no corn on the cob. But you can have a corn pudding, which is simply delish and which I don't need to tell the southern gals about. However, northern, eastern and western girls, you take two cups of corn kernels. Get the dry-packed canned corn. Two eggs, lightly beaten. Two and a half cups of cream or rich milk, scalded. And two tablespoons of melted butter. Add the cream to the butter, then the eggs, then the corn, stir well, pour into a buttered baking dish and pop into a moderate oven. Cook till a nice pudding consistency.

I can't spend much longer on the diet part of this effusion, because I wanta say something about make-up and clothes, but first let me give you a trick for dolling up that despised green, spinach, and then I'm through.

IF you get a kick out of taking some homely greens and making them tasty, you'll not find this any trouble. Get about three pounds of fresh spinach—more wouldn't matter. Wash it. Did you know that it's much more efficient to wash spinach in hot water, with a spray, and it doesn't hurt the spinach? Try it. Cook the spinach as you ordinarily would. Then pass it through a sieve—that's the boring part of

the recipe. Take three eggs, beat them well, add half a pint of cream or rich milk, a stick of melted butter and the puréed spinach. Turn it all into a buttered baking dish and set the dish in a pan of hot water to bake in the oven. It takes about twenty minutes. When it begins to look puffy on top, it's done. Sprinkle generously with grated cheese and run it in the oven another moment for the cheese to brown. It's good.

And now, by golly, that's enough about eating. If you wish to be a smooth-looking person, you know the skin must be good and well-tended, the hair likewise, the nails never neglected and all the rest of it. I'm not going over the fundamentals again. However, there are many tricks of the beauty trade that one needs to know.

About powder, now. Have you ever tried using two shades, treating one of them as rouge? To experiment in the least expensive way, get two ten-cent boxes of a good powder from the dime store—one in the shade you usually wear, the other in a dark shade. If you're unattractively prominent where you wish you weren't (like around the nose), try using the darker powder on the nose, the lighter powder everywhere else. If your chin has a tendency to slide away, try a lighter powder on the chin. In general, let me warn you against using a too-light powder. In the summer, we are all pretty careful about this. But come cold weather, we think it's okay to go back to the pale rachels and flesh tints. As a matter of fact, a light powder plus cold weather will make one look blue around the gills and mauve around the nose.

Eyes, now. An awful lot can be done about eyes in the quest of smoothness. You know about plucking eyebrows—only the tiny stray hairs underneath, and most judicious pruning if your brows grow too close together. Heavy brows are fashionable, so except for the above two points, don't pluck. Very heavy brows should be brushed up, and then brushed into line with a touch of brilliantine. Thin, scraggly brows should be made up thisaway: Instead of drawing a hard, unnatural line on them with pencil or dabbing futilely at them with mascara, put a little cold cream or vaseline in the palm of your hand. Into it rub quite a lot of soft eye pencil or mascara. It's messy, but you'll find that a brush very delicately dipped into this oily substance and gently feathered across your brows will make them look more natural. For brows which are light, but thick enough for practical purposes, mascara is the most helpful coloring agent.

For gala occasions, experiment with blue, green, or the mascaras with a bit of gold or silver in them. If you're lucky enough to own a gold or silver evening gown, mascara to match, judiciously used, and a touch of brown or green eyeshadow should have enough smoothness, not to mention sex appeal, to knock the male sex all of a heap.

THE smoothness of your hair depends upon you. If you're handy with the bobbie pin, the water-wave comb, the curling iron, the waveset lotion—well, you can do anything you please with your hair. You can have it page boy, banged, rolled up here and there in fascinating swirls and curls. Some people have this knack. Others struggle and slave and come out looking as if they'd combed their hair with an egg beater. They must do one of two things: stick to the simplest of coiffures that is becoming to them, or be prepared to spend money and time at a good beauty parlor as often as they need attention. And no putting it off till next day or next week because you'd rather go to the movies or have spent all your dough, either. Not if you want to look smooth.

Personally, I'd take the simple hair-do. First, because it saves money which can be put into good-looking clothes. Second, because you won't have stickum put on your hair when you don't want it. And third, because very few hairdressers have individuality. Most every gal that depends upon the beauty parlor for hair smartness looks pretty much like every other gal.

The chief secret of being a smooth person "all over"—make-up hair and clothes—is, once again, simplicity. Never clutter up your effects. One detail of your costume (in addition to its cut and fabric) is all that's necessary to command attention. Do you remember, in "Stella Dallas," when Anne Shirley was trying on the party dress? Barbara Stanwyck wanted to put an artificial flower at the belt—"to give it a little snap," she said. "Oh, no, Mama! Not with all the lovely handmade ruffles." Stella thought her daughter "just as plain as an old shoe, like her pa." But daughter was right. No one can tell you exactly when a bit of trimming or accessory is right or wrong and why. You've got to learn it yourself. A safe rule to follow is, "When in doubt, don't."

Another time-worn rule for smoothness is that one about buying the best you possibly can instead of as many as you possibly can. Kay Francis declares she doesn't care a great deal about clothes. Yet, there she was last year, with her picture in all the papers as one of America's best-dressed women—certainly the best-dressed woman in pictures, both on screen and off. Kay Francis buys almost all her things in Paris. Sure, she can afford it, you say, and what's that got to do with me? Well, even though Kay doesn't want a lot of clothes and cares not one whit for fancy things, when she does buy a suit or gown or hat, something instinctively fastidious in her makes her want it just right. If she isn't dressed in the very best, she'd just as soon be comfortable in old slacks and sweater. You can't jaunt to Paris for something to cover your bones, and you needn't. But you can choose the good rather than the showy and sacrifice a yearning for variety for the sake of one good suit or a black dress that is really sumpin'.

Merle Oberon is a lovely thing. American fans aren't nearly as warmed up to her as they might be if she didn't have to keep jumping over to England every now and then. However, we do like her much better, now, as her own self— a nice English girl with lovely eyes and soft dark hair and a sweet manner, than we did as a phoney Oriental type. She was perhaps more sexy and alluring, in her earlier pictures, but she wasn't natural, and we knew it. And that, my dears, is just another example of the other rule for smoothness: be yourself. Don't try to change your external, physical type in any radical way.

Well, what about Carole Lombard? Do you remember the Lombard of less than five years ago? She was a clothes-horse. She was darn near a dizzy blonde. Then came the change. Carole made "Twentieth Century" with John Barrymore and ever since then she's been a personality—a steadily improving, interesting actress—and a sure-fire comedian. Her clothes are elegant, her appearance is always smart, sure, trig and trim instead of being slightly dizzy. What gave Carole her boost along the road to being a more intriguing, smooth individual? A good break and a chance to do something that no one thought she could ever do. That's what did it. Nowadays Carole gets first crack at good stories and her salary has soared sky-high.

It's not too much for you to hope that you'll get a change, and a break and a chance one of these days. But be ready for it when it comes. If you've got what it takes, you'll get your break—or make one for yourself, never fear!

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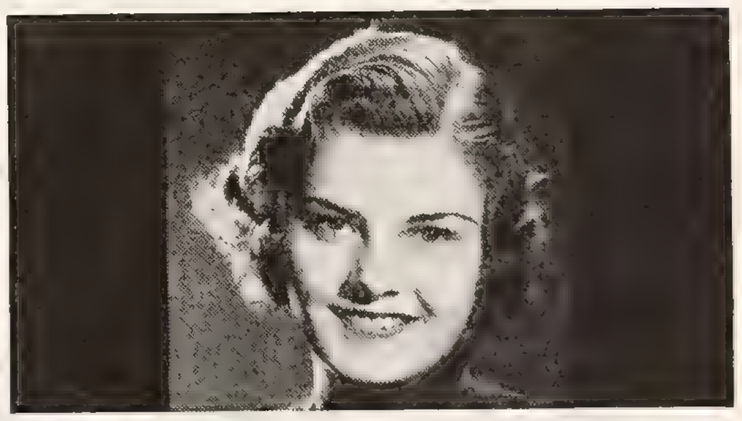
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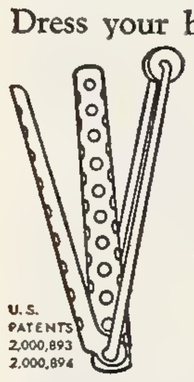
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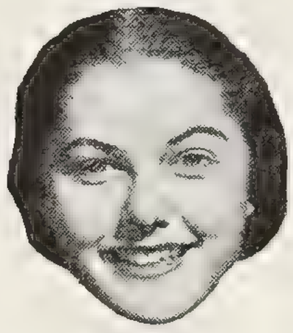
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Between You 'n' Me

(*Continued from page 63*)

Women" owe the entire nursing world an apology.—Frances Adley, R.N., Pittsburgh, Pa.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Plea for Real-Life Pictures

I didn't just sit and watch "Dead End" for the fun of it—I lived it. Just as surely as if I'd been one of them, I felt the terrible, mocking contempt that those poor kids felt for the idle rich who were continuously flaunted before their eyes. I, too, knew the awful bitterness of the gangster, Baby Face, who came back to the place of his birth to find some trace of the love he once knew, and found instead only hatred, disappointment and death. I, too, felt the weariness and the heartaches of his old mother who had given him birth, but who had grown to despise him.

I take off my hat to Hollywood for producing the most realistic, honest-to-goodness human vehicle I've ever witnessed on the screen. Let's have more pictures like this. In other words, let's have more life as it really is.—Marie Walker, Trenton, N. J.

$1.00 Prize Poem
Taylor Talk

Someone mentions Taylor,
My face turns very grim.
"Find someone else for gossip,
Anyone but him."

He's pasted on the billboards,
His name's on every tongue,
The girls' hearts go much faster,
Because he is so young.

Then people look disgusted,
When I say I hate him so.
"He'll do me no good anyway,
With Barbara on the go."

But when no one is looking,
My magazines come down.
My fingers turn to Taylor's page
And then I go to town.

I look at all his photographs
And stare into space and sigh,
There's not a better man on earth
I to myself say I.

So no one knows the honest truth,
Or will ever get the chance
To dream of what I'd ever do
If he asked me for a dance.
—Thelma Peterson, Bayside, Long Island, N. Y.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Scarlett O'Hopkins?

Why all the to-do over who's going to play Scarlett O'Hara? Why not give the movie fans a treat and show us a new face that we can think of as Scarlett—not an actress who stamps every role she plays with her own personality.

If a new actress were chosen and no advance ballyhoo spread about her, think what a sensation the picture would cause. Curiosity about the unknown, if nothing else, would draw people to see it. Everyone has his own idea of Scarlett, but putting someone like Miriam Hopkins or Paulette Goddard (she seemed to be "it" once) in the role, we all know how either one of them would play it and some of us just hate to see how right we are.—Carter Harrison, Hopewell, Va.

$1.00 Prize Letter
Star Doubles

I wonder if other fans ever indulge in the thankless but amusing whimsy of keeping an ever-searching eye open for people who resemble movie celebrities? Why, I often roam through the five-and-ten just to get a gimpse of the clerk who is so much like Ann Harding that customers stand and gape in awe. I have two dear friends who resemble Katharine Hepburn and Connie Bennett, respectively. I could rave on, but after all you wouldn't be interested in local doubles whom you've never seen, so I'll limit my mental comparisons to the screen:

Jane Bryan favors the Nancy Carroll of earlier days.

Julie Haydon reminds me of Ann Harding.

Andrea Leeds is a lot like Olivia De Havilland.

Frances Farmer could be Madge Evans' sister.

Helen Mack is another Frances Dee.

Dorothy Lamour could "stand-in" for the Duchess of Windsor.

Doris Weston, thanks to Warners' "substitution" department, was chosen to look like Ruby Keeler, which she does—and to take Ruby's place, which she doesn't!—Mary Padgett, Quincy, Ill.

A Corner on Xmas Pie

(*Continued from page 12*)

juice and rind of 1 lemon
1 tablespoon butter
rich pastry for large 2-crust pie

Place raisins and cranberries in saucepan. Add sugar and boiling water. Cook together five minutes. Mix flour, cornstarch, salt and spices. Add to beaten egg and beat well. Combine with a little of the hot fruit mixture, then add slowly to remaining fruit mixture in saucepan. Continue cooking five minutes longer, stirring constantly. Cool. Add lemon juice and rind and turn into pie plate lined with unbaked pastry. Dot with butter. Moisten edge of lower crust with a little cold water. Lay top crust over filling. Trim off surplus pastry around edge of pie plate. Press and flute edge with floured fingers or tines of a fork. Cut slits in a fancy pattern in top crust to let steam escape. Bake in hot oven (425° F.) fifteen minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake ten to fifteen minutes longer or until crust is delicately browned. If a shiny top crust is desired, brush crust before baking with egg white slightly beaten with one tablespoon water. A lattice crust may also

be used instead of an entire top crust.

THAT combination of fruits sounds intriguing, doesn't it? And the recipe as outlined, step by step, if followed in the same orderly fashion (measure accurately, mix as directed and don't cheat!), is really a cinch.

By the way, if you're looking for a perfect fruit cake to have on hand when company drops in, here's a grand recipe that Dorothy's mother—from Alabama, suh—raved about. It's not one of those cakes that you have to make up 'way ahead of time either to let it "ripen." No, you can eat this one the day it's baked, a fact which sounded so good to me that I tested it forthwith with most gratifying results.

Here 'tis:

TODAY'S FRUIT CAKE

2¼ cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg, beaten
1 cup strained unsweetened apple sauce*
1 teaspoon soda
¼ cup water
½ cup seedless raisins
¼ cup finely cut pitted dates
¼ cup finely cut candied pineapple
¼ cup finely cut candied cherries
¼ cup finely cut candied lemon peel
½ cup chopped nut meats

Sift flour, measure. Add spices and salt and sift again. Cream shortening thoroughly with the sugar. Add beaten egg. Add apple sauce. Dissolve soda in the water and add to apple sauce mixture alternately with the flour mixture. Just before adding the last of the flour mixture stir into it the fruits and nut meats. Turn into two small, greased loaf pans and bake forty-five minutes in a moderate oven (350° F.).

*If sweetened apple sauce is used, then cut down slightly on amount of sugar.

Good News

(Continued from page 70)

We dropped into Adrian's studio recently to witness his latest fashion show. There were cocktails and twelve gowns, all with titles, ranging from "Where's the Moon?" to "Don't Like Parties." We don't know much about fashions, but we suspect that the most admired gown was one called "Second Wife." It was sophisticated and quite decolleté, and when a model came forth with it we detected a low, masculine whistle in the row behind us.

■ ■ ■

With but three or four days work left on "True Confession," Carole Lombard phoned the studio that she was ill and would need a couple of days rest. "Okay," said the studio. That afternoon someone saw her out riding with Clark Gable. So the studio phoned her, told her about the incident, and asked her how she felt. "Okay," said Carole. Next morning she was back at work.

■ ■ ■

The Children's Corner: The other evening, come praying time, Mrs. Dick Arlen was having trouble with her offspring. "If you don't say your prayers nicely," she warned him, "you'll never be a great man." "That's all right," said young Mr. Arlen, "I only want to be an actor, anyway."

■ ■ ■

Aren't the Stars Wonderful? Dept: Over at Paramount there's a foreign importation, Isa Miranda, for whom the studio has great hopes. First step in the career of a great hope is publicity, and the publicity purveyors forward this about Miss Miranda. Recently she was shown a selection of portrait pictures which had been taken of her a few days before. Miss Miranda destroyed them all. "They are too beautiful," she said. "I want the public to love me for my characterizations." Ho hum.

■ ■ ■

Ronald Colman, along with Herman the Hermit, has a Hollywood reputation of being something of a recluse. He is seldom seen around and he practically never attends parties. His romantic interest has remained constant, however. The young lady is still Benita Hume, and of late they've been stepping out a bit. . . . Their favorite haunt is Ted Snyder's, the musician's hangout. Snyder's is a private club, membership being restricted only to those who have the price of a pair of highballs.

■ ■ ■

Interesting to note the recent change in Nelson Eddy. A year ago, Nelson was the coldest and most aloof baritone you could shake a candenza at. On the set he kept to himself, and visitors went away feeling he preferred his own company to any other. But today, all that is changed. Mr. E. is friendly and affable, and even takes time out to have himself some fun. One evening, for instance, he made the rounds of the night spots with Woody Van Dyke and Frank Morgan. At the last spot, strictly a joint, Nelson got up and favored the customers with a couple of songs. So now everyone wonders who gets the credit for the defrosting process. We say it's a toss-up between Director Van Dyke and Charlie McCarthy, whose radio hecklings have done plenty for Nelson's popularity.

■ ■ ■

Speaking of McCarthy reminds us of W. C. Fields, whom we visited on the set of "The Big Broadcast" the other day. Watching Fields is always a pleasure because no one, including the director, knows what he's going to say. Scripts mean nothing to him. If he thinks of a better line in the middle of a scene, he uses it. Incidentally, the real reason he dropped out of that radio show was that he was dissatisfied with the material provided for him. You've got to be good to follow Master McCarthy.

■ ■ ■

Now that "Women Have a Way" is finished, Miriam Hopkins can sit back and relax. For one scene in the picture she spent three days in a bathtub. The gentlemen of the press evinced considerable interest in the picture during that period, but Miss H., unaccustomed to public bathing, had the set closed to visitors. For other scenes, when she plays an arty young lady in Greenwich Village, she had to spend two hours every morning having her hair







de-curled into a straight bob. But now it's all over, Miriam's hair is curly once more and she's gone back to her old hobby of bathing by herself.

■ ■ ■

Gracie Allen vigorously denies the slurs on her sobriety which popped up at a recent party. Gracie showed up at the affair with an orchid perched in her hair, and people began to talk. Gracie says she knew the orchid was there all the time, in fact, she put it there and considered it very stylish. And Gladys Swarthout will back her up, because Gladys started the fad herself over a year ago. So there.

■ ■ ■

Out on the "Bad Man of Brimstone" set there's a group of men who call themselves the Old Timers' Club. Most of them have been in pictures since pix first started. They work only when a chance comes in the movies, and mostly in western pix. Never shave, but they do wash occasionally. Have a club house downtown, upstairs in a dirty room on Main Street. Never have more than two dollars in the treasury and spend their meetings just talking about old times.

■ ■ ■

When Bing Crosby was coming through Texas not long ago on the train, the conductor remarked to the engineer. "We've a famous personality on the train today. It's Bing Crosby!" "Who's that?" asked the engineer. "Him?" gasped the conductor, "Why, Bing's that famous movie lover." "Well, won't make any difference in Texas," said the other, "this is a Gable state."

■ ■ ■

While visiting the set of "Accidents Will Happen," we talked to William Hoover, who has a role in the picture. William wasn't feeling any too happy, since he'd been getting bum breaks all through the day. Hoover looks enough like Edward Arnold to be his twin brother, so Director Clemens would say in every scene, "Sorry, you'll have to move to the background, Hoover. We can't have it assumed that Edward Arnold's playing an extra in this picture." The likeness does him good, of course, in that he's Arnold's stand-in, when the star is working, but Hoover would also like a career of his own.

■ ■ ■

Isa Miranda, the lovely Italian gal, was going to be interviewed by a reporter from the East. They met for the first time on the set, and the newspaperman, speaking slowly and distinctly, in deference to Isa's limited knowledge of English, told the star that he had come all the way from Philadelphia just to interview her. "Ah," said Isa, smiling graciously, "but you must not let that embarrass you. Not with me, please. For to me, you speak the English very nicely."

■ ■ ■

Rosemary and Priscilla (Pat) Lane are buying a big home out in the valley right near Lola's place. They'll live there with their mother, who's a combination mother-secretary-confidante and general amuser. Cora is such fun that the beauteous Lane gals don't care whether they go out or not at night, they have such a swell time just sitting around at home. Jack Warner, Jr., incidentally, has given up that cute USC co-ed for Pat's sake.

■ ■ ■

Is Martha Raye burnt up? It all started when she saw that diamond ring on Lana Turner's finger. The diamonds spell out "Dearest," and Buddy Westmore gave it to Lana. But they say Martha had given that ring to Buddy as an engagement present.

■ ■ ■

Marlene Dietrich is due back in town the first of next month. And here's a tip to the fashionable femmes of the movie colony. Marlene is prepared to give you a big run for your money. She's arriving with eighteen trunks full of Paris clothes and not a pair of trousers in the lot! Most interesting note, however, is that Marlene will be wearing her own eyebrows.

■ ■ ■

Ralph Bellamy's always been one of the most dependable screen actors, but he's never won star ranking. But in the business field, Bellamy's leading every man in town. You know what a success he's made out of



Meet Zorina, Europe's loveliest ballerina and one of the eyefuls to entrance you in "The Goldwyn Follies." She first won fame as star of the famed Ballet Russe.

that Palm Springs Racquet Club, which he and Charles Farrell jointly own. And now he finds himself owning major interest in a Louisiana oil gusher. He was approached with an offer to buy in on the proposed oil well while working on "The Awful Truth." In the picture, Ralph plays a millionaire oil operator, so thinking it a good omen, he invested in the stock. When a wire arrived saying the well was actually brought in, he obtained a four-day leave from being a screen oil tycoon and flew to Louisiana to enjoy being a real one.

■ ■ ■

Madge Evans is scared stiff of autograph hunters these days. The situation wasn't so bad in Hollywood, but when a girl gets out of town she's in dangerous territory. At a theatre in New York, for instance, enthusiastic fans followed her right into the ladies' room, a situation which proved more than startling to a group of gals engaged in powdering their noses. In Chicago, on her way back to Hollywood, fans chased La Evans onto the wrong train. Fortunately, it wasn't going anywhere, and Madge was able to sneak out another door and catch the Chief before it got away without her.

■ ■ ■

It looked like Old Home Week on the set of "She's Got That Swing" the other day. Ann Sothern, for instance, was sitting in an old-fashioned rocking chair, knocking off a bit of knitting. We asked her how come, and she told us the rocking chair was her personal property, she uses it on every picture. In fact, she pointed out three more rocking chairs on the set. Seems the rest of the cast liked the idea, so Annie bought up a supply.

■ ■ ■

When she appeared on the radio recently, Anne Shirley asked for her check during rehearsal instead of waiting to have it mailed to her. Thinking the poor gal was broke, they gave her the check and Anne rushed out between rehearsal and the show and bought her mother a new car.

■ ■ ■

Have you heard about that movie star who loves to spread on culture at the slightest provocation? Dropping in at the script department the other day to see how things were going on her new picture and give a few helpful suggestions on the writing, she found the scenarist deep in a Roget's Thesaurus. "I don't blame you for reading that on studio time," she gurgled, "a beautifully written book!"

■ ■ ■

Some of the fans have peculiar ideas on autographs. At a preview the other night, Clark Gable was painstakingly writing his name on a girl's handkerchief, which she was going to embroider. And the nurses at the hospital where Grace Moore recently spent some time, had the star autographing hospital towels for them. Anita Louise got the surprise of her life at the Cocoanut Grove the other night, though, when a gent approached her table and requested her autograph. When she started to sign her name, the guy kissed her on the forehead and rushed away.

■ ■ ■

More Kiddie Stuff: Don Ameche's four-year-old son, Donnie, doesn't go to the movies very often, but one afternoon recently his nurse took him to see "Fifty Roads To Town," in which papa stars. Everything was lovely until Don came on the screen, at which moment Donnie yelled out: "Daddy, when you coming home?" Junior is being kept home with his toys now.

■ ■ ■

Alice Faye and Tony Martin had to move out of their new apartment because of the neighbors. It wasn't that the neighbors were noisy, it was because the neighbors complained. They're both working in "Sally, Irene and Mary" and they had to practise their songs at home during the evening. The neighbors decided they'd rather wait and hear them in the picture, which is why Alice and Tony moved.

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